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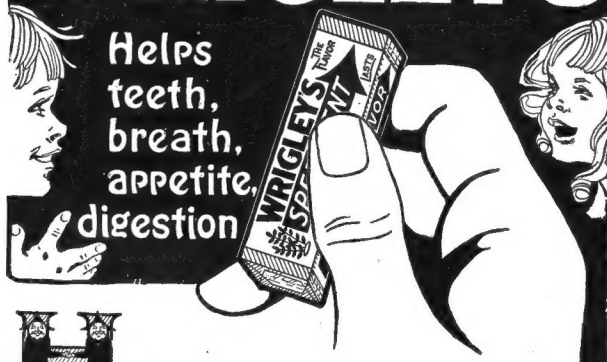

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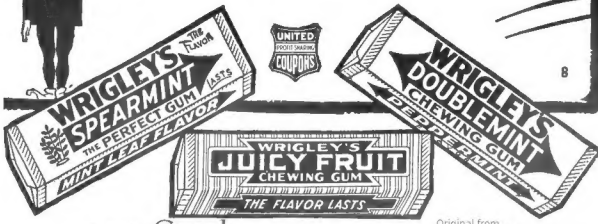

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The present subscription price of $1.00 a year will be continued until January 1st, 1920, instead of October 1st, 1919, as announced last month. On and after January 1st the subscription price to all will be advanced to $1.50 a year to cover increased manufacturing costs. In the meantime, any one who is not a subscriber may become one at the old rate of $1.00 a year. And we will also renew the subscriptions of present subscribers for another year (regardless of when their subscriptions expire) for $1.00 if they send their renewals promptly.

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Let's sit down and talk it over!

WHAT IS THIS THING WE CALL DEMOCRACY?

By Dr. Frank Crane

WHAT is Democracy? The excellence of a definition consists in telling what it is not. To define an idea is to build a fence around it that will keep out every other idea. In this definition-fence of ours we will use ten planks.

THE FIRST PLANK

Democracy is a Force. That is to say, we cannot tell its essence, but only the way it works. "Thou hearest the sound thereof but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." It is like Gravitation, Electricity, Love or Conscience. Nobody knows what these strange powers are, yet they are the most undeniable things in the world, and we use them every day.

Democracy is therefore not Socialism, Bolshevism or any other ism. It is a Cracy, which means it is a power. (Cracy comes from a Greek word signifying strength.) Socialism is an ism, which is to say it is a system or plan or scheme.

Socialism may be good. It proclaims desirable aims. Its end in view is a perfect government. Democracy is not so definite. As Mr. Dooley expressed it, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

Because Democracy is a principle of growth. It is like the push in an acorn that impels it to become an oak. It is like the life-force in an egg that makes it become a chicken.

Socialism, or any other theory, may be a wonderful and beautiful house, but it is a house, made by hands. Democracy is a tree, made by nature, not by carpenters.

Democracy is not a scheme of voting, or of choosing rulers. Governors and laws have very little to do with a people's destiny. It is the kind of force that is in them that counts, their principles, conviction, ideals, opinions and passions. Ruling is second-class business. Presidents, kings and legislatures merely deal with surface phases, they are matters of opportunism, and are occupied principally in making mistakes.

Democracy is a deep instinct, and instinct makes no mistakes. It means liberty, because it means taking off all the artificial shackles of humanity, so that it can grow. That is why Democracy cannot thrive under Absolutism, or Caste, or Socialism, or any other rule whereby natural development is cramped.

THE SECOND PLANK

Democracy is a force of Opinion. You must believe or you can't be a democrat. You must accept its creed or you don't belong. What is it you must believe?

You must believe in The People; that they can be trusted, in the long run, to do what is best. This was most happily expressed by the greatest democrat America ever produced, Abraham Lincoln. He said: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

The world has never yet got up to this creed. We have never wholly trusted the people. Government has everlastingly been busy at devising checks lest the people smash things.

Our esteemed forefathers, when they founded this republic, straightway set about making plans to protect it from the people.

They created the Electoral College, for instance, thinking it would never do for the whole population to vote directly for President, but that they would better select wise and superior men from each state, and let these selected ones assemble and choose a ruler. As we all know, this clever arrangement was speedily nullified in practice. The people do really vote for the man they want and the Electoral College has become a rubber stamp.

Another check was the Senate, which is simply the House of Lords idea, taken over from England. We had no more use for a Senate in the United States than a horse has for two tails. We had no superior class here for it to represent, as they have in England. So the people finally nullified that also, and elect the Senators now by direct popular vote, so that the Senate is merely another section of the House of Representatives. We have kept the form, because we fear change. Also every state and almost every city thinks it must have Two Houses, for which there is really little reason except the force of tradition.

That we are slow to believe is also shown by the fact that it took us a hundred years to grant to women their plain and unquestionable right to be citizens. Somehow we feared that our sacred institutions would be imperiled and the foundations of society shaken unless we kept half of the human beings among us in serfdom!

Likewise we show our imperfect faith in democracy in our treatment of children. We send them to schools which are little autocracies, ruled over by teachers who are imitation Kaisers and Von Hindenburgs, to train them for democracy! We say they must first of all be taught to obey, must have discipline and all that. We forget that there is something far more important; that is, that they learn how to *govern themselves.* It is infinitely more vital that they learn how to organize, how to master themselves, how to have team play, and how to be free yet orderly and co-operative, than that they learn how to bound Kamtchatka or work the Binomial Theorem.

And our unfaith in democracy is shown in Art. Artists still go on painting pictures to hang in endowed museums, which nobody visits, and carving gay female figures and stone lions to set up in the oil king's gardens, and otherwise playing valet to the privileged, while our cities are hideous in their jumbled architecture and every village is a blot on the landscape. We shall never arrive at democracy in Art until we believe that the people love beauty and need beauty as they need food, that a poor man's house costing $1,000 can be made as artistic as a rich man's palace costing $1,000,000, and that carpets, lamps, tables, chairs and bedsteads in the homes of the common people should be and can be beautiful and tasteful, and not the wretched, hideous things they are.

This is absurd? You don't believe it? The people wouldn't appreciate it? It's impracticable? Precisely! That is what I am trying to say. You *don't* believe in the people. You don't in your heart believe in democracy. That is what is the matter with you.

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HE PREACHES WITH HIS PEN

Ten years ago, at the age of 48 years, Dr. Frank Crane, then a minister of the Gospel at Worcester, Mass., came to the conclusion that he must have a larger audience. So he resigned his pulpit and began writing for the newspapers. Today he preaches with his pen to more people than any other writer in the country. His articles now appear in about fifty of the leading newspapers in the United States.

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And "he that believeth not shall be . . ." well, anyhow, he is a long way off from Democracy.

You simply have got to get rid of all this inherited class nonsense, and to believe in the people. While there are and always will be differences in ability and talent, there ought to be no difference in *opportunity*. The great thing is Humanity, not some select stock. Your great statesman is quite likely to be a rail-splitter from Illinois. Your great literary genius may be a common actor from Stratford-on-Avon. Your cultured, learned woman, proficient in science, language and sociology, may be a Helen Keller, blind, deaf and dumb, from a poor family in Alabama. Neither kings' houses nor universities, nor first families can guarantee such products.

In Humanity the Preferred Stock is the Common Stock.

THE THIRD PLANK

Democracy is a force of Feeling. Mazzini said that some day a man would arise to whom Democracy is a religion.

Not such a man, but such a nation of men, has arisen.

Democracy means an enthusiasm for the Common Good. And never before in history, and nowhere else as in America, has this sentiment been so strong.

This sense of the Common Good recently engineered a selective draft without disturbance or considerable protest, got troops 3,000 miles across the water who fought as well as autocracy's trained minions, raised over $20,000,000,000, abolished alcohol, and otherwise rose to amazing heights of self-denial and unified purpose.

And this same sense of the Common Good will yet pilot us through all our unrest, and labor troubles, our industrial problems, whether of railroad management, profiteering, treaty-making or what not. It is this feeling that is our hope and our assurance.

THE FOURTH PLANK

Democracy is a force of opinion and feeling working within humanity.

That is, it is an inner force, working out; not an outward force, molding and regulating.

Botanically speaking, Democracy is an exogen, as an apple tree, and not an endogen, as a mushroom.

No king or nobility or other person or class can give a government which is best for the people, simply because nobody can give you what is best for you, for that which is best for you is what you work out for yourself. A benevolent monarch can give his subjects everything except the one thing needful, responsibility.

The most precious, God-given privilege of a man is his right to make his own mistakes, to stub his own toes, and burn his own fingers. Only so he learns and grows.

The saying that the worst king is a good king is true, because he keeps the people from the consequences of their own folly. If you cannot get a chance to know how big a fool you are, you can never possibly learn wisdom.

So a state governed by a most wise philosopher, or by a perfect system, let us say Socialism, would not develop. Inhibited from making their own mistakes the people would degenerate, lean more and more upon their masters, and at last become a prey to the ambitious villain, "the man on horseback"; or the crafty political boss, who is always sure to come along.

Danger is what makes people become strong and self-reliant, not safety. "Safety First" is no rule of Democracy.

Democracy is always sailing an "uncharted sea."

THE FIFTH PLANK

Democracy is a force of opinion and feeling, working within humanity, and impelling the people of a given neighborhood.

It is a neighborhood affair.

That is to say, it has to do with all the human creatures in any territory, without regard to Class.

It is diametrically opposed to Class, any kind of Class, whether of race, color, opinion, religion, education or anything else. It must positively include every human unit.

Every group which is exclusive, which demands any other qualification of its members than that they be Human Beings, contains within itself a seed hostile to Democracy.

The Church, formed of people who accept certain theological views, or conform to certain standards of morality and conduct; the Labor Union, composed of those engaged in certain occupations; a Social Club, making certain requirements of reputation, possessions or relationship; a Political Party, which is an organization of those holding certain views of government; all may be good for some things, but they are not Democracy. And eventually they all threaten democratic institutions if they become powerful enough.

The whole Class business, in whatever form, and under whatever specious plea, is Democracy's arch-enemy. A rule by the Proletariat Class would be just as bad as a rule by the Capitalist Class.

When the Bolsheviki got control in Russia they showed themselves to be as bloody and tyrannical as the Czar and his bureaucrats. That is because Bolshevism and Czarism are precisely the same thing. They are made out of the same material—Class.

A copper cent may be heads on one side and tails on the other, but it's all copper.

Class feeling is strong in us, through centuries of training. Democracy, the sense of the Common Good, the nerve of Humanity, is still weak in us. It is too new.

Jesus was the First Democrat. He first put all human beings in one Class. But His ideas have only been at work two thousand years, which is a short time in world-growth. It will take us at least 500 years more to climb up to where we can realize what He meant. Chesterton was right; the world has not discarded Christianity; it has never tried it. No nation, as B. Franklin said, has ever been formed on a basis of love. Nor of absolute equal opportunity.

For, literally speaking, there can be no absolutely equal opportunity until we abolish Inheritance and we are a long way from that, even with our increasing inheritance taxes.

THE SIXTH PLANK

Democracy is a force of opinion and feeling, working within humanity, and impelling the people of a given neighborhood to get what the people want.

This is the gist of the matter. This is the most necessary plank in our fence. Note it well.

The object of Democracy is not to secure the best possible government. It is to secure the kind of government the people want and educate them to want a better and better kind.

We shall never have perfect government until we get to heaven, and we are in no hurry to get there.

Mayor Mitchel was highly praised by most of the New York newspapers. Mr. Roosevelt said he was the best mayor New York ever had. Yet when he came up for re-election, the people chose Mr. Hylan of Brooklyn, a comparatively unknown man. There is just one reason why the people got Mr. Hylan. They wanted him. What they wanted with him is another matter, also why they wanted him.

Theodore Roosevelt probably had a more devoted personal following than any American. Yet when he ran for President the people chose a school teacher from New Jersey. For just one reason. They wanted Mr. Wilson. And they got him. Why, as stated above, has nothing to do with my point.

When the Civil War was brewing the people had some very fine presidential timber in the cultured East. One of several statesmen, college graduates, scholars and diplomats, whose portraits you can see in the files of *Harper's Weekly* of that time, posing majestically in Prince Albert coats, might have been chosen as our national leader. The people, however, went out to Sangamon County, Illinois, where the mud is deep, and (*Continued on Page 62*)

DO YOU SUCCEED BY MISTAKES?

AMERICANS DO. All live beings do. The only people who make no mistakes are in the graveyard. To fail is to grow. Do you know how to make mistakes? As Dr. Crane says:—"Nothing requires more constant practice than mistake-making. America is at it constantly and so knows how. We blunder on and on - - but always forward."

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How six men spent

FOUR YEARS IN A WELL

By George U. Stevenson

Illustrated by Denman Fink

IT was the sixth day after the signing of the Armistice, and the day of the forced entry the troops into Sedan. We stood by the statute of General Turenne in the square that bears his name, and watched the stirring spectacle of the return of the blue-coated poilus to their recovered country. No bands played; no trumpets blared; there was practically a dearth of the pomp and panoply of war; but nevertheless our pulses beat high under the stirring scene. An advance guard of infantry in soiled campaign uniforms, an endless string of camions, artillery and camp-kitchens. Then followed more foot-soldiers, and more camp-equipment, and countless mounted men, moving in a great tide that resembled, no more a pageant, but just a movement of massed men.

Suddenly we noticed a commotion in front of the Hotel de Ville, which occupies the north face of the Place Turenne. Six men in worn French uniforms were being carried on the shoulders of their compatriots. All were pale and emaciated, but one in officer's dress, by reason of his fair hair and blond beard appeared particularly eerie. The waxy pallor of his complexion reminded one of a statue. We learned that it was Lieutenant Guilham Ducleon who with his five companions-at-arms had eluded capture by the Boche by hiding in an unknown, underground cave near the town of Graide, in Belgium.

Upon my urging, Lieutenant Ducleon told us his romantic story:

"The beginning of the Great War found me, with my company, in the Province of Namur in Belgium," said the Lieutenant, "trying to roll back the Boche hordes advancing up the valley of the Meuse. We fought bravely but it was a forlorn hope, and one day in a skirmish with a strong force of Uhlans in the village of Graide, we were cut to pieces. Only six of us escaped, and when I think of how it came to pass, I can only think of it as one of God's miracles."

"There were five beside myself in our little party—these men here: Albert Deysson, Francois Dumont, Louis Boissie, Daniel Laurent and Emil Magimel. When the rest of our company was cut down, we hid in a glade of ferns. Here we lay while the Uhlans beat down the brush all round in an effort to find us. But as we did not move, or scarcely breathe, they finally gave up the search until the next day, and moved on to the nearby village where they posted guard and bivouacked for the night."

"When the shadows had lengthened so that it was safe for us to come out, we stealthily made our way to a well which I had noted while I lay in the bracken. In raising the bucket from the depths to get a drink, Albert fell in. The well was very deep and the surface of the water was so far below the rim that we couldn't see him in the shadows. We were lamenting, in subdued tones, his sad ending, when we were startled to hear a voice from the depths shout a cavernous 'Hello!' We dared not reply for fear of being heard by the Boche in the village; so we drew straws to see which one of us should allow himself to be lowered in the bucket to investigate. It fell to the lot of Emil to perform this duty.

"He was to give two long tugs to the rope as a signal for us to haul him to the surface when he had recovered Albert. So we let him down with fear in our hearts. It seemed like half an hour to us who were waiting above before we got the signal; but when the bucket came to the surface Albert alone was in it, dripping with water and shivering from his unusual experience. In answer to our excited questioning, he explained that Emil had found him on the rungs of an old iron ladder that scaled the lower depths of the well, and led to a shelf that communicated with a large chamber leading off into the rock. He thought that it might be the entrance to a cave, and he had sent Albert up to give the tidings."

"I realized that here was probably our only chance to find a hiding place from the Uhlans, and I persuaded the men to take advantage of it. The only difficulty that I could foresee would be in arising from the cavern without help from someone above to work the ratchet. However, as there was necessity that we think quickly and act more quickly, I determined to cast away prudence and trust to *le Bon Dieu*. One by one I sent the men down the well, and when they were all down, I followed and found our entire party waiting for me at the mouth of the cavern.

"But now a tremendous difficulty presented itself. We had no matches. One of our men, however, had a *briquet* with which he could strike a light; but we could find nothing with which to make a torch. There was nothing to do but to link hands, blindly grope for the wall, and carefully feel our way back into the darkness. The Good God who directed our steps gave me the idea of unraveling my socks and I tied a double strand to the topmost ladder-rung. This served as a guide-line to direct us back to the well in case of necessity. It is a good thing that we did this, for the cavern finally branched into several passages. When we got to the end of our cord, we found ourselves in a reasonably dry chamber. Better still, our feet touched a deep bed of ferns and rushes, dry and crumbling. The man with the *briquet* struck a light, and we made a little bonfire of some of these, which enabled Albert to dry his garments, and gave the rest of us some idea of the kind of place we were in.

"The place evidently had been a refuge for other persons at some distant time. The walls were blackened by smoke, and to our joy we found some charred wood, which we heaped upon our bonfire and prolonged its life. I commanded the men to lie down quietly, while we held a council of war. I told off the men as sentries, posting a guard each six hours at the point nearest the well from which our fire might be discerned. To the guard I confided one of the two timepieces that our party possessed, keeping the other myself.

"When the guard was posted, I commanded the men to lie down and get some sleep, as the experiences of the day had brought us to the point of absolute exhaustion. We slept like dead men for nearly seven hours, when we were awakened by the guard, who himself had yielded to fatigue and slept for a brief spell. I saw by my watch that the day was already far advanced on the earth above, and our stomachs likewise, which had not held food for twenty-four hours, told us that the hour for *dejeuner* was passed. Our *musettes* held not even a crumb of nourishment,

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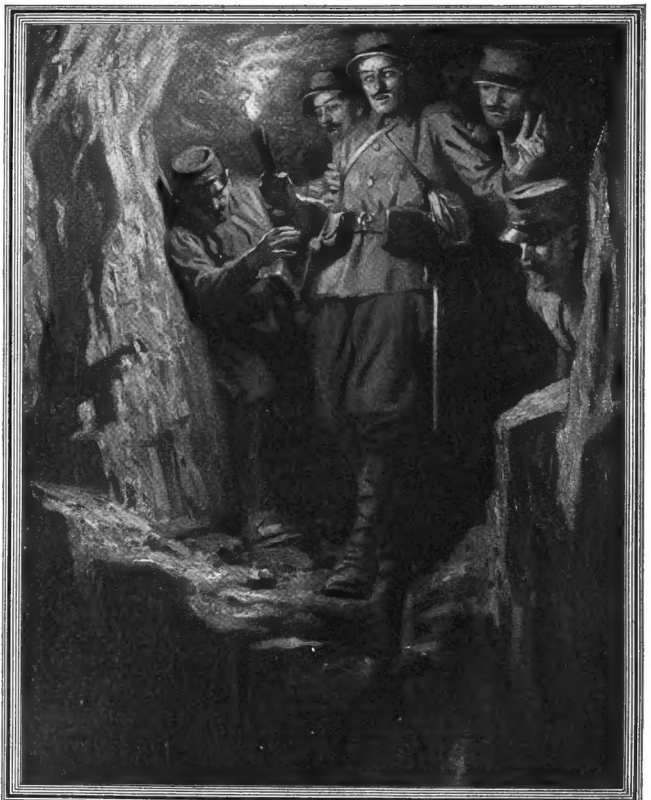

"The next moment the passage ended abruptly in a yawning chasm into which Louis Boissie, who was the torchbearer, was almost engulfed. He was only saved from pitching headlong - - - as he poised on the very brink"

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"All along the way the peasants had heard of our adventure and they ran out of their houses to embrace us"

but I encouraged the men to go to the well and scoop up a drink in their canteens.

"The men returned terribly perturbed. The smooth, slimy walls of the well held us as in a trap, when the bucket was raised, as it was now; and even when it was lowered, they realized it would require one of us to climb sixty feet, hand-over-hand, up a slippery rope to the ratchet, if we desired to get up to the light. The situation worried them even more than the prospect of capture by the Boche, as an empty stomach knows no logic.

"So I called the men around me in a council. None of the men wanted to surrender, but the opinions of all were voiced by Francois Dumont, who said: 'Let us get out of this devil's hole while e yet have strength. I would rather ake my chances in God's sunlight.'

"It was I who had counseled them to ek the shelter of the cave, and I knew was certain death or capture for them) ascend to the upper world before ightfall. So I consented to let Francois forage for food above, when the evening shadows fell. Meanwhile, I urged the men to restrain their impatience and help me explore the cavern we were in. They reluctantly agreed, and I made each man reduce his stockings to balls of yarn as guide-lines.

"I had noticed that the smoke from our bonfire, the night before, had swirled back in a thin stream, indicating another vent to the cave in the rear of our position. I determined to follow this lead. At my direction, the night before, the men had gathered up the dry rushes and twisted them into rude torches or flares, which would burn with sufficient light to show us our footing. So we stumbled along through a large chamber, the floor of which was covered with tinder-dry rushes and pine branches, relics of ancient occupancy, which we gratefully recognized as a source of future fuel-supply. Then the chamber narrowed and suddenly branched into three passages.

"Leaving the other passages for future exploration, I commanded our party to take the right-hand passage that led upward, as being more likely to lead us to an exit. We climbed steeply upward by the fitful light of our flares, trailing our cord behind us. The air freshened, and our torches frightened and set into motion hundreds of bats which had been hanging to the walls. Emil knocked one down with a club he carried, 'It may come in handy,' he cried. 'If we find no other food, I may eat *le chauve-souris*.'

"I felt sure that we were nearing an exit to the cave. My opinion was confirmed by the twilight glow that lighted the walls of the curving passage. We were singing with elation and anticipation. Only a few more steps and we should have freedom—and food, probably! But that hope was not realized, for the next moment the passage ended abruptly in a yawning chasm, into which Louis Boissie, who was the torch-bearer, was almost engulfed. He was only saved from pitching headlong down into the dark abyss by two of the men reaching forth and seizing him by the belt, as he poised on the very brink.

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"It was a keen disappointment to have to retrace our steps, but we determined to try the middle passage next. Our luck seemed no better, as the passage began to descend abruptly and finally ended in a flowing pool of water, the depth and dimensions of which were lost in Stygian darkness. However, Daniel Laurent, who was a devoted angler, gave us a grain of comfort by asserting that the stream was alive with fish. 'How were we to get them?' That was the question.

"However, our pollus were nothing if not resourceful. Daniel improvised a strong hook from a safety-pin, and a part of Emil's bat furnished the bait. Our little party scarcely breathed while Daniel cast in his line, which he had hastily braided from three strands of raveled stocking yarn. The minute it struck the water the hook was gobbled by a hungry gudgeon. The next minute Daniel had him flopping upon the floor of the passage, and his hook baited for another.

"The success of the operation resulted in each and every one of us imitating Daniel's example. The bat was cut up into small portions, and served to bait and re-bait six improvised hooks. Hunger, weariness and fear were all forgotten while the sport lasted. When the flesh of the bat had been used up, we cut up the smaller fish for bait, with equal success. Leaving the rest of the men to continue fishing, Albert and I went back to the large chamber where was our store of rushes and branches. We soon had a merry fire burning, in the hot coals of which we broiled the fish. And never did anything taste better to our poor, half-famished men than these fish. They were all we had to eat, without bread, sauce or savor, but we ate our fill and thanked *le Bon Dieu* as we washed them down with copious draughts of water from the well.

"When my watch indicated that it was sundown, I posted the usual guard near the well, and gave the word for Francois to ascend to the upper world. But the bucket was still raised to the coping, so we had to give up the project for the night. We curled up on our beds of rushes and pine boughs and slept soundly through the six-hour watch.

"In the morning I sent one of the men to the well to fill the canteens with water, and he reported that the bucket was still aloft. The pangs of hunger sent the rest of the men to the underground river to fish. They had the usual success, but broiled fish and water did not satisfy their ravenous appetites and the men again became restive. To occupy their minds, I sent them on expeditions to explore the other passages of the cave. Toward eventide we heard a glad shout, and soon there came into our view Emil and Albert, leading by a leathern thong a she-goat which was bleating plaintively. They had found it in a distant passage. The captors wanted us to immediately slaughter the animal, but I restrained them. I felt that the nanny-goat was a mascot that could show us an exit from the cave. I noticed that her bag was full, and so I commanded that she be milked. The rich, warm milk was like nectar to our famished stomachs. We tied the animal and lay down to rest.

"Again (*Continued on Page 64*)

"By the starlight I discerned the faces of three old men who were peasant farmers from a nearby cottage"

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THE BRUSH DRAWS THEM TOGETHER

How Gerrit Beneker's paintings serve to bring the Employer and the Worker into harmony

By A. J. Philpott

FIRST impressions may not always turn out to be correct, but as a whole I have found them so. This is curiously true of my first impression of Gerrit A. Beneker, the artist—the man who has sensed the idealism in the life and spirit of the American workman and given it such truthful and virile expression in painting that his works have become almost symbolical.

I went to quaint, old Provincetown near the tip end of Cape Cod three years ago to see and write about an exhibition of paintings by the artists and art students who gather there each summer from all over the country for study and recreation. It is a picturesque old fishing town with dilapidated wharves and fish houses, quaint little streets, lanes and residences, sturdy fishermen and their "folk," odd characters, and the whole surrounded by the green-blue sea and bathed in an almost tropical sunshine during the summer months.

The exhibition was in the Town Hall and it was as unique an exhibition of paintings as I had ever seen. There was an amazing spirit of freedom and color-joy in the whole thing. The exhibitors had contributed the kind of pictures and sketches that pleased themselves. They were not trying to please the public—only themselves. But there was nothing of a vulgar character. It was not that kind of freedom. It was artistic freedom in technique, in spirit, and in interpretation. And in a sense it was the spirit of Provincetown—the spirit of freedom that comes out of the sea and blows across the sand dunes and that is in the vast sky spaces and the clear sunshine. There was something of a challenge in most of the work.

There was only one other person in the hall when I entered—a tall, smooth-faced, boyish-looking young man who seemed to be deeply interested in the way the pictures were hung on the walls. I got into conversation with him, learned that he was an art student, was a member of the Provincetown Art Association, chairman of the hanging committee, and that his name was Gerrit A. Beneker. He didn't like the way some of the pictures were hung.

Some remarks he made about the pictures caught my fancy. The comments were incisive yet good-natured. But it was the face of the man himself that mostly interested me—a sort of boy-man face. Yet there was something very mature in it, as well as a sort of bashfulness, or diffidence. I noticed that the boy expression was around the forehead and eyes—gray eyes that glistened and laughed; eyes that seemed to bubble over with fun and good nature. But the mouth and jaws were full of mature determination, and the body was the lithe, sinewy frame of an athlete.

He pointed out a few of his own paintings and I liked them. They were not important as pictures, but there was a certain strength and virility in them that pleased me. I saw that he was "coming" and I frankly praised his work. In a very short time we were on a sort of common ground of mutual confidence in our remarks and conversation. He told me he had been "plugging" at painting for a couple of years in Provincetown—winter and summer. There were a few others who preferred the freedom of Provincetown all the year round to the confinement and artificiality of the city. These men inspired him, and until a person feels a sense of inspiration in his work he doesn't get very far with it.

The next day I went to Bencker's little home and studio and had a more intimate peep at the man and his work, and I became more deeply interested in him. Not that he was a great painter three years ago. He was not. But he was a very serious, hard-working student, struggling with the technical difficulties of painting and striving to master the color problems, which all painters must master if they wish to express themselves. He looked at things simply—positively—and he had a fine sense of color and of color harmonies. And there was personality in his work—character.

In every picture painted by an artist there is also a portrait of the artist himself—of his personality and character—a sort of psychological portrait. No matter whether it is a landscape, a portrait, a picture which tells some human story, or a decorative design, the artist also paints himself into the work, and that portrait stands revealed in an intimate way to those who know what painting means, and more definitely to those who may happen to know the painter himself as well as understand the art.

No student who looks at a landscape by Corot but can see the sensitive, poetic face of the artist. No one can look intelligently at a picture by Jean Francois Millet without seeing the patient, sympathetic face of the bearded peasant-painter of Barbizon. No one can look at a painting by Rubens or

WHEN THE

ALL the dollars in the world are useless in themselves, and all the brawn and brain in men is useless in itself. BUT! Oh! Boy! how the sparks do fly

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Van Dyck without seeing the courtier faces of these artists. It is the same with Michelangelo, Titian, Rembrandt and all the others—they tell in some way the story of their own lives in their works—of their own souls. They paint their own portraits!

It is unfortunate that the word "art" conveys to the public mind the idea of artifice. It is nothing of the kind. Art is nature transformed in the thought and imagination of the artist—charged or tempered with the emotions of the artist. That is why the life history of the artist is written, or painted, or sculptured, into his work. And in a measure this is true of nearly all work which men do that requires any thought. They leave upon it the impress of their own personalities. That is why I like the old Japanese idea that a genuine work of art contains the soul of the artist—his "shade," as the Japanese put it—and consequently should be venerated as well as loved for what it is.

So it was not very difficult to see in Gerrit A. Beneker's work, three years ago, the healthy, youthful enthusiasm of the boy and the virility of young manhood. The portrait of himself has become more sharply defined in his work since that time. He was then, and is now, an optimist—not afraid of the world, of men, or of nature. He looked steadily at all things and rather fondly; and he found a joy and comfort in all that showed signs of life and growth, whether in nature or in mankind. He loved truth and sunshine and the larger aspects of things.

I could see that this young man had had a struggle with himself, with his environment, and with his work—and a good deal of a struggle to pursue his ideals in his own way and according to his own inclinations. And I could also see that he found a certain robust kind of joy in these struggles. That is a healthy sign. He had confidence in himself and he was not particularly sensitive as to what others might think about him. And in the simplicity of his personal tastes and desires there was a suggestion of greatness.

But there was a spiritual side to this man which I did not detect in his work three years ago. That has come to the surface since then, for it was very deep in his nature and it required time and work and "plugging" to bring it strongly to the front. As he "plugged" at his painting there gradually came to him that vision of spirituality in work which has enlarged the horizon of his life and enables him to see in the work of the world the real joy of life. He had felt it before, but not the full force of it.

He saw and felt what few men realize until the day comes when they are for some reason denied the privilege of work, or the power to work—that each age has its own work to do and that every man and woman, according to their gifts, must contribute something to that totality of work if they would share in the spirit of their age.

He saw that industry is life and I am inclined to think he must have studied a beehive and watched it grow in bulk, sweetness and life to comprehend so fully the value of co-operation in work. He saw that in the big, complex affairs of this age no one man's work counts for much unless it is intelligently co-operated with the efforts of others. And finally he felt that somehow through his art he had a work or mission to perform in interpreting this vision of life in industry and co-operation to the world.

But there is a whole lot behind this literary conception of Gerrit A. Beneker—a whole lot of seemingly commonplace but fascinating struggle in factories and art schools, as well as struggle with self in the maelstrom of life in great cities, which should be known if the full portrait of the artist is to be revealed. And behind it all is a sturdy, Dutch ancestry and heritage.

About the time that Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860 a carpenter named Gerrit Beneker decided to move from his home in the little town of Wessekerke in Holland with his wife and three children to the United States. He decided to move to America for much the same reason that all the rest of the white people in the United States—or their ancestors—had moved from homes in Europe—to better their economic condition, or because they re-

Whitman, Malden, Mass.

It was the face of the man himself that mostly interested me—a sort of boy-man face

SPARKS FLY

when labor and capital are solidly welded together, in the production of articles useful to mankind.

Yours,

Ben

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sented oppression in some form. It was chiefly to better, if possible, his economic condition that Gerrit Beneker moved to the United States with his family and went to work at making cabs for locomotives in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bartel Beneker was the oldest of the three children. He was eleven years at the time and had shown such artistic talent that the father and mother had about decided to send him to an art school at The Hague when business depression compelled them to try their luck in the Land of Promise—America. Other Hollanders had settled in or near Grand Rapids, among them Jan Steketee, whose son, "Honest John" Steketee, became U. S. Consul to the Netherlands and was decorated with the Order of Nassau by Queen Wilhelmina. He had nine children, among them a daughter, Pauline, of whom more later.

As has been said, Bartel Beneker was eleven years old when he went to Grand Rapids. He attended school for a few months and was then obliged to go to work to help support the little family. The father had found, as other fathers did, that the "Land of Promise" was a land of hard work. Bartel Beneker grew to be a respected citizen and he wooed and won Pauline Steketee. They were married in 1880 and on the night of January 26, 1882, while a great fire raged in the city of Grand Rapids, Gerrit A. Beneker was born.

Nature is seldom frustrated in her

Posters that would inspire and stimulate the patriotism of the workmen of this land of ours

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designs. If a stone is placed over a healthy seed the seed will eventually push its way to the surface and the light. So with the seed of art that was checked in its growth in Bartel Beneker. It found lodgment and has attained growth and expression in Gerrit A. Beneker, his son. And what is more, it germinated and grew in an environment of work—hard work. But always it had for companionship fine family ideals and fine spiritual ideals.

At school this artistic talent in Gerrit A Beneker manifested itself in a variety of ways, but chiefly in the making of caricatures of his teachers and schoolmates. Aside from this, however, he displayed traits which are common to most active, healthy boys in school. He liked athletics and was a good all-round track athlete. He was an excellent baseball pitcher and he played center on the football eleven. Incidentally he won the admiration and affections of a blue-eyed, dark-haired young woman—a schoolmate—Flora Judd Van Vranken, who later became Mrs. Gerrit A. Beneker.

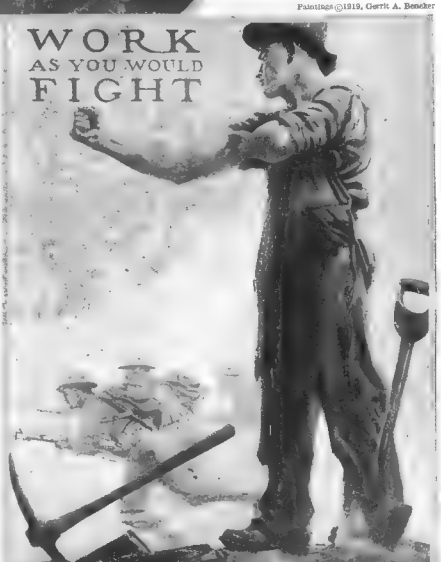
Young Gerrit was six feet two inches tall and weighed 170 pounds when he graduated from the High School at Grand Rapids His ambition was to study art, and his father rather liked that idea in the boy, although he pointed out some of the difficulties in the path to success in art. Not the least of these at the moment was lack of means for the kind of schooling and education necessary.

A way was found, however, as is nearly always the case when determination accompanies ambition. Gerrit agreed to go to work during the summer and earn enough money to pay his tuition for one term in the Chicago Art Institute, and the father agreed to furnish enough money to pay board and lodging for the same period. That would also be a test of the strength of the boy's desire and ambition to study art.

So young Beneker pitched his last ball game and with the heritage of hard-working men and women behind him went to work the next day in a furniture factory for $7 a week—ten hours a day. To save even the carfare he walked four miles each day to and from his work. Then began his real education—the kind of knowledge and education that is seared into the soul through perspiration and aching muscles. It was the acid test.

In the heat of that summer he unloaded lumber, learned to pick out a good stick from a cull, and how to make a pile of lumber. He worked in the dry kiln; he made excelsior; he planed and helped the man at the glue pot, and he did it all very well—so well, in fact, that his work attracted the

Paintings ©1919, Gerrit A. Beneker



The man in overalls on wharves or bridges or trucks became the hero of Gerrit Beneker's thought

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The laborer's vision of service to his country as it was expressed by Beneker's brush

favorable notice of the superintendent. Gerrit learned much about workmen as well as work that summer. Most of the men worked indifferently and automatically and watched the clock. At the noon hour they discussed things among themselves in a radical way. Gerrit sensed that much of the reason for this was the total lack of sympathy or understanding between the workmen and the employer. They lived in different worlds, and thought about things differently.

The employer got a jolt near the end of the summer when he sent for young Beneker and said:

"Beneker, I'll make a foreman of you in six weeks more and then a superintendent, and then if you want to go on the road I'll make you a regular furniture man."

"No," replied Beneker, "I thank you very much, but I am here only to get enough money to pay my first year's tuition in an art school."

Of course, that explained at once the difference between Beneker and the other workmen—he had a definite object in view.

That was his incentive—to work. It came to him that if men could only see some clear, definite object ahead, work would not be so irksome, or even if they could be made to see it, and the employer could also be made to see it. An objective of some kind was the thing needed.

Then came a wonderful moonlight evening late in September when he bade Miss Flora Van Vranken and his mother good-bye and left home for the first time, arriving in Chicago the next morning. Before the end of the first term in the Art Institute he was drawing from life. Then the late director, William M. R. French, told Beneker that if he would return the next year he could have a job by means of which he could work out his tuition. So he went back to the furniture factory to earn enough to pay board and lodging the next term. When he returned to the Art Institute in the fall he got around every morning at 7 o'clock, with a number of other boys in similar circumstances, and swept the floors of the Institute for his tuition. To earn a little extra money he sold neckties Saturday evenings in a clothing store in the Jewish quarter. He also posed occasionally evenings in the modeling class.

All this time he had been wondering and thinking how he could make some money out of art and the only immediate prospect he saw was to try his hand at illustrating. This necessitated his going to New York where most of the big publishers were. So he went in October, 1903, and entered the Art Students League on a scholarship, studied with Reuterdahl and DuMond for a year, was elected to the board of control and made monitor of the class in illustration.

A New York paper offered a prize of $200 to students of the League and of the National Academy of Design for an Easter drawing and Beneker won it. He at once took ten of his fellow students to a sixty-cent "red-ink" and spaghetti dinner down on Tenth Street. That was an event. Then he left the League and started out for himself.

He was a little discouraged when he found that his "prize picture" didn't interest magazine editors in the least and that it was not a very easy matter to "break in" to illustrating, even in New York. He was wandering up and down Fifth Avenue with his drawing under his arm when he paused for a moment—with hundreds of others—to watch a grimy workman coolly mount a steel girder and ride on it to the top of a new skyscraper that was under construction. The poise and nerve of that man thrilled Beneker. He, more, It impressed him so deeply that he went right back to his studio on Twenty-third Street and painted what he had seen. There was romance in that common workman—the romance of the skyscraper and of the men who built such wonderful structures. He took the drawing to the editor of a prominent weekly and the editor bought it at once. It appealed also to him. It touched the imagination. As Beneker said to me: "That sealed (*Continued on Page* 66)

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"S'ciety Parents are nice to look at but they're not much fun," said Bobby

"PARENTS ARE AW-FUL FUNNY"

By Vivian Lindsay

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

BETTER think this story over. Maybe you're a funny parent.

IT was a hot summer morning. Patricia Handley, one of the prettiest, gayest, young matrons in a set noted for its pretty, gay, young matrons, lay trying to sleep off the effects of a bit too much gayety of the previous evening. It was an effort that was not meeting with success. Patricia's head stirred restlessly on her pillow; quieted; stirred again. One white arm in exasperation suddenly encircled her head as if to shut out sound. From below there arose a steady, monotonous drone of voices in conversation as insistent, as irritating to one trying to sleep as the buzzing of a lone fly.

Patricia sat up in bed, despair written in every feature. She leaned toward the open window. The scene on which she gazed was a not uncommon one. Nor was the voice that was speaking unfamiliar:

"Parents," said Jane Ellen, "are aw-ful funny."

In spite of her irritation, Patricia's lips twitched. The three children were having one of the philosophic discussions which, at more reasonable hours, had given her some very amusing moments.

Jane Ellen, daughter of the next-door minister and his wife, sat as usual on the extreme edge of the garden seat. The most fervent admirer of little girls would have sought long and vainly for any trace of beauty in Jane Ellen. Her seven-year-old face was all austerity of feature, in strong contradiction to the fires of romance that burned in Jane Ellen's small breast. Her hair, thin and red and straight, clung dispiritedly about her face; scrawny little bare legs ended in sandals whose size was altogether in keeping with the rest of Jane Ellen's lack of prettiness. Drawn up before her in a wagon, of the sort commonly called a "coaster," sat Bobby, Patricia's own six year old son; and lolling listlessly on the grass, lay Thomas, Jane Ellen's twin, never by any possible means called Tommy by anyone but Patricia.

Jane Ellen, as usual, led the discussion. "Parents," she was saying, as Patricia's head inclined toward the window, "are aw-ful funny."

Silence greeted her remark.

"Don' cha think so?" This last, pointedly, to Bobby.

"Oh-h, I don't know," was Bobby's indifferent answer, but Bobby's brow indicated a greater interest than did his tone, as was usual with Bobby.

Again silence fell. Evidently the topic of the funniness of parents was to languish. Jane Ellen scraped the graveled walk with the toes of her sandal. One half of Bobby arose from the coaster; one hand caught the tongue, one leg gave a half-hearted push that sent the coaster forward possibly six inches; then, succumbing to the heat, Bobby sat down again in the wagon.

"Wher'd yer father an' mother go las' night?" This from Jane Ellen.

Patricia's lips puckered in droll despair. It was bad enough to live next door to a minister without having the minister's children keeping accurate tab on all one's movements. But experience had taught Patricia the futility of attempting to thwart Jane Ellen's desire for information. If Jane Ellen didn't find out now, and on this side of the house, she would find out later on the other side.

"I don't know . . . dance, I guess."

"Our father"—Jane Ellen's way of saying "our father" left no doubt in the hearer's mind as to her knowledge of the Lord's Prayer—"our father took us in our auto-mo-bile to the coun-try an' we had a pic-nic." Jane Ellen singsonged this information to the accompaniment of the scraping of her sandal on the gravel.

"Huh . . . that ol' Ford?"

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"A big, gorgeously gushing, sputzling stream met him fairly in the face as he turned dazedly—with an open mouth."

"You're jealous . . . jus' jealous 'cos your father an' mother never take you on picnics."

Thomas, who loved peace, intervened with his customary tact:

"Your mother had on a pink dress . . . it was awful purty."

Jane Ellen's face became grotesque with big emotions.

"She alwuz looks bee-uti-ful." Jane Ellen had now forgotten her triumph of the picnic in wistfulness of what she didn't have. "It mus' be nice to have a mother an' father who buy you ever'thing, . . . an' alwuz dress up an' look jus' like pictures in mag'zine an' go to parties an' . . ."

At the window, Patricia went through the pantomime of preening herself. But her complacence was short-lived. Bobby's answer sent her gasping with indignation.

"Oh, I don't know," he said dispassionately, "s'ciety parents 're nice to look at, but they're not much fun."

Patricia leaned forward until her nose pressed against the screen. There was an unwonted crispness in her tone that caused the children to start guiltily: "Children," she said, "please go to play somewhere else I'm trying to sleep."

The small party wended its way slowly, reluctantly, toward the other side of the house; Bobby dragging the creaking, rumbling coaster, Jane Ellen and Thomas dragging themselves.

Patricia sniffed angrily. The children had spoiled her morning's sleep, which she needed more than badly. Now they had upset her state of mind.

If Patricia, commonly called Pat, had been given to self-analysis or an explanation of her philosophy of life, she would have stated with engaging frankness that she wanted everything. Of course, wanting everything she was delighted with having a son. Bobby looked so like a cherub; had the most charming manners; spoke uncommonly good English and, as a consequence, had up to this moment seemed to Pat to reflect the utmost credit on her manner of bringing up a child. It really hadn't occurred to her ever to question either herself or Bobby as to whether anything else was needed. Now she was face to face with the astounding and disheartening fact that a six-year-old can sit in judgment on his parents and find them guilty.

Patricia's indignation gave way before a conscience that once roused was always lively. There was no denying that it had been months since she or Bob had really played with Bobby; there was no denying that it had been probably a year since they had put him to bed; there was absolutely no denying that they had wanted all the fun and pride of parenthood with none of the bother of it.

Patricia's emotion became one of a probably exaggerated appreciation of what her son had suffered from the loneliness of parental neglect. Her imagination soared, particularly when the minister and his wife's treatment of the twins contrasted with her treatment of Bobby. The picnics via the Ford took on for Patricia all the glory of a perfection never attained by a trip into the country on a hot, dusty summer evening.

Patricia longed to call Bobby in, take him into her arms, talk out all her regrets and make brilliant promises, dramatically, for the future. But knowledge of Bobby prevented. Bobby was nothing if not practical. Bobby had a disdain of sentimental scenes; a way of pinning his faith in deeds, not words.

It is very hard to be young and pretty and frivolous and suddenly become aware of new, enormous and hitherto unsuspected responsibilities. Pat's face would have been an inspiration to the greatest of tragediennes. Something must be done to prove to Bobby that his parents could be funny. But what? What? Pat's fingers ran distractedly through her hair.

On the still, hot air rose the exasperated voice of the cook:

"How often have I got to tell you kids to leave that hose alone?"

"Jane Ellen . . . Jane Ellen . . . Thomas . . . come on home now." It was the voice of the minister's wife, subdued and wheedling as usual, as if she had long since bowed to the knowledge that it was going to require patience—much patience—to bring up Jane Ellen and Thomas. "Jane Ellen . . . Thomas . . . I've got some fresh cookies."

The coaster wheels revolved slowly. Jane Ellen and Thomas and Bobby couldn't resist fresh cookies, even though the heat rendered action anything but pleasurable.

Patricia looked out. On the minister's porch, again on her side of the house, sat the three children eating cookies. Jane Ellen's dress clung around her a little more damply than even the heat warranted . . . Patricia had the perspired moment she had been seeking. Across her mind there flashed a picture of days gone by . . . a curly-haired small thing that had been herself, a most undignified father, a hose-drenching as a preface to sleep on hot summer nights' . . . Pat's enthusiasm over her idea that afternoon was much greater than that of her husband. He, called in from a game of golf, failed to realize that their fair standing with their son, if it had ever been a thing of reality, was no longer. Vainly, Pat tried to impress upon him the enormity of Bobby's statement.

"But he said, Bob, right-straight-out to those awful twins, 'Society parents are nice to look at, but they're not much fun.'"

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"Oh, well, but kids say anything."

"But, Bob, we don't' play with him—" It was no use. Bob remained unimpressed by everything but the outstanding, immediately visible catastrophe of the golf game that had been peremptorily broken off at the seventh hole in order that a small, six-year-old barbarian, in whom there was not a flicker of gratitude, might have dinner with his parents and a soaking with the hose afterward.

Dinner was not a very happy affair. Bob was sulky; Patricia outrageously virtuous; Bobby too excited to remember table etiquette. But at last it was over and Bobby divested of all but a minimum of clothing repaired to the back yard. His father followed, an acute perception of the presence of Jane Ellen and Thomas on their porch, and of their father and mother only inadequately hidden by the lace curtains, evident in every movement.

"I feel like a darned fool," he confided, *sotto voce*, to Pat.

"Don't be silly. What do you care for a minister and his wife and twins? Show how can play with your youngster. I just can't stand their 'holier than thou' attitude any longer. I know he has preached sermons on our shortcomings."

Bob walked across the lawn to the hydrant which the thoughtful Patricia had been careful not only to locate but to which the hose was obligingly attached.

"Not the shadow of an excuse for him to get out of it," had been Patricia's thought.

He turned the key. A thin little stream of water found its way through the hose. From the French doors opening onto the lawn, Pat cheerfully called instructions.

"Oh, turn it on full. There's no fun in a little trickle like that."

But the imp that doles out masculine mulishness had taken possession of the usually good-natured Bob.

"This is strong enough," he said stubbornly. "I don't want to knock 'im off his feet. Besides, this hose leaks and I'm not crazy about getting my clothes all wet. . . . Look out, son."

The tone with which Bob turned to his offspring should have been jocularly threatening. It was not. It was the disheartened tone of a man whose game of golf has been interfered with and who, although knowing well that life is not worth the living, still struggles on. The gesture which sent the sickly stream in the vicinity of the thrill-expectant Bobby was tired, lifeless; altogether lacking in that gusto which makes of a hose-drenching a genuine festivity.

Pat's eyes despairingly sought her small son's face. His impassivity shrieked of contempt for the whole proceeding. Despair settled like a vulture on Patricia's heart. Why, oh, why, had not she done the thing herself?

The dead performance went on. Not a sound from Jane Ellen or Thomas or Bobby relieved the intolerable situation. In two minutes, Bobby was as thoroughly, as competently, as unemotionally soaked as if he had been a flower bed. His father laid down the hose and, stolid of face, carefully picked his way across the wet grass to turn off the water.

Rage which knows no caution filled Pat's heart and mind. The French doors opened. Down the steps she ran, reckless of pink chiffon and silver slippers.

Jane Ellen's squeal was quickly suppressed by the hand of Thomas, who was made of sterner stuff. Bobby, in quick understanding, jumped up and down, bent forward and backward in an agony of silent ecstasy that would have wrecked a less pliant body. Undiscovered, Patricia reached the spot where lay the nozzle; stooped over it; raised it and pointed with unerring aim at the center of Bob's immaculate back just as he, reaching for the key to turn off the water, instead turned it the wrong way.

A big, gorgeously gushing, spuzzling stream met him fairly in the face as he turned dazedly, mouth open, eyes blinking in utter stupefaction at the suddenness of the attack.

The twins' and Bobby's excitement found outlet in shrieks and squeals which might have been heard for a block; the howl with which Bob ran toward his wife might have been heard for another two blocks.

"Run, Mother, run!" shrieked Bobby. "Soak 'im, Mrs. Handley, soak 'im!" squealed Thomas.

A stream of water being forced through a long rubber tube at a terrific rate takes no cognizance of the generally recognized sanctity of certain individuals. The hose in the hands of the thoroughly excited Pat executed a wild circle; shot, for one devastating moment, straight into the window where stood a very human minister who had not been so diverted in years.

"Hey, Mrs. Handley, Mrs. Handley!" he spluttered in helpless mirth.

A group of passers-by, attracted by the hilarity, paused, smiling broadly at the spectacle of two of the town's leading young society people participating in a scene so undignified, so democratically public.

Consciousness of their presence added the last straw to the confusion of the terror-stricken Pat. The hose, which as she ran around and around the lawn, had soaked everything within reach, fell from her hands. Her only thought was to gain the house.

Bobby shrieking, "Soak 'im, Soak 'im," suddenly collided with his mother. Down they went together, a tumultuous heap made up (*Continued on Page* 69)

"The stream shot, for one devastating moment, straight into the wide open window where stood a very human minister"

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"I eat these. That's why my stummik never goes on a strike, and I have iron and strength to twist Mr Flu's neck when he comes!"

Pleasant to take—

CHO CHO'S SUGAR-COATED LESSONS

Mixed with laughter they mysteriously cure his juvenile audiences

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ALL is not solemnity when the paleface medicine men assemble around their council fires. By way of instance, out of one weighty scientific pow-wow held recently came a happily compounded prescription of the following proportions and parts: "To beautify the complexion, get from your druggist one package of pure rice powder, one pot of rouge of the best quality and one powder puff of standard make. Wrap ingredients together and bury package a mile from home. *Dose*—Take one walk three times a day before meals to see that package is still there." Levity (properly mixed with wisdom) cannot be kept out of even an Academy of Medicine meeting; nevertheless, one is somewhat startled to find so dignified a body of savants concocting still another therapeutic formula, the ingredients of which are a circus clown, slapstick buffoonery, shrill shrieks from a thousand throats, police whistles blowing piercingly and several thousand rousing cheers.

> HOW DOES he do it? "First hit the nail with your head, but camouflage it" says Cho Cho, "and then",—well perhaps there's a lesson here for you on how to teach a child almost anything.

Yet these are the elements of a new therapeutic practice which first received the enthusiastic endorsement of the Academy of Medicine of New York and now is being ardently championed by medical bodies throughout the United States and beyond the Seven Seas. The new therapy and prophylactic has as its high priest a one-time circus clown, who "makes medicine" while clad in motley and rejoices in the thoroughly non-academic name of Cho Cho. Also be it known that the trainer and coach of Mountebank Cho Cho is none other than the learned and distinguished gentleman whom young mothers the nation over place in a rarified, solemnly scientific sanctuary that is miles above things so tawdry and cheap as circus tanbark and clowning. If you doubt me, listen to the circus man's ballyhoo: "Step right into the big show, folks, and watch the side-splitting puffawmance of funny Cho Cho, the only clown in captivity that was captured and trained by the author of the celebrated best seller, 'The Care and

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Feeding of Children,' Doc L. Emmett Holt, gents—M. D., gents, and LL.D.!"

If Dr. Holt and his professional brethren, all ethical foes of "hippodrorning" and its attendant publicity, have swallowed ethical qualms to the extent of going in for Mr. Barnum's calling, they have done so solely because they and the many earnest laymen who help them in keeping a circus clown in action all over the country have decided that clowning is one effective method of bringing back to health six million American school children who are now suffering from malnutrition, together with millions more who stand in need of habits of right living to bring them up to normality. Six million children suffering from the ills that go with undernourishment means a potential army of tuberculosis patients six million strong —or weak. Wherefore even "low-brow" clowning begins to take on portentous dignity when the buffoonery is made to affect, as it does in the case of Cho Cho's clowning, the lives and future happiness of not six million but altogether 30,000,000 little scholars destined to be the driving and directing forces of the America of to-morrow. Health itself is happiness, "pep," therefore popularity —romp and the world romps with you, mope and you mope alone; popularity, if judicially nurtured, spells material success: *ergo*, we have a humble circus clown the architect and builder of an entire race's happiness, longevity and the good things of a long and successful life, provided the young of a race (and the old, too, for that matter) accept his well-

"The best way to raise peas is with your spoon. They love to roll around in your tummy—not on your knife"

"You can eat a chicken before it's born and after it's dead—but don't fry it"

thought-out teachings of health habits.

His system of health in education and education in health is at once so simple that the whole programme can be put into eight sentences—has, in fact, been put into eight sentences by Clown Coach Holt, as you shall see. The astounding importance of the leading eight ideas in Cho Cho's clown "patter" grips one as one hears Dr. Holt say impressively: "On the rules which Cho Cho, the health clown, teaches, a new race of Americans can be built; if we can get children everywhere to make these eight simple rules a habit, we can transform the health of the world." And so to a clown is given the great privilege of carrying a new beacon throughout the land, his painted lips telling a mighty truth that is shockingly rare in American systems of education—the seemingly obvious truth that real education is the teaching and absorbing of principles, not the tabulating and memorizing of facts. (A thousand American college cubs can tell you who wrote "Van Bibber and the Swan Boats" to one who can tell you

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why that simple little yarn climbs to technical pinnacles of short-story craftsmanship which makes it a perfect short story.)

The truth which Cho Cho has been coached to teach is of an importance infinitely more far-reaching than the attainment of knowledge of the principles of fiction. If there had been a Cho Cho touring the nation a generation ago we should not have gathered statistics in 1917 and 1918 which showed that seventy per cent. of the young Americans rejected by army medical examiners in the draft were lost to the army because of physical defects that could have been prevented or cured by simple right living in childhood. Hard heads who will persist in believing that Cho Cho and his teachings are "just another of these new-fangled school fads," need only be reminded that during the present year the commercially-wise guiding spirits of a life insurance company famous the world over bought and distributed among the company's policy holders 1,000,000 copies of a booklet containing the principles of "education in health and health in education" which form Cho Cho's sole stock in trade. And life insurance men are not in business for altruistic reasons.

Cho Cho bounced into being but yesterday. Where he came from, where he lives, where he goes to when with final funny hand waves to his ecstatic audiences of little folks he fades from their view—these are questions I cannot answer. Cho Cho and Santa are brothers in mystery. They work better that way: familiarity breeds—familiarity. Far be it from me to be the cause of having little Susie Smith, Junie McGraw, Nicky Nichols, Dicky Donnelly, Rosie Cohen and the rest of the "first nighters" at Cho Cho's school house performances learn accidentally from this page that Cho Cho in private is, say, merely a Mr. John Doe, of 515 'Steenth Street, who uses a safety razor and plays billiards in the club house of the White Rats. He has no private life and he is just Cho Cho. It is enough for his audiences to know that the delectable Cho Cho was born full grown in the beauty of the Easter lilies of 1919 in a little white house that has stood for ages diagonally across from the town house of Mr. S. Klaus in the prosperous village of Toyland Center. A story persists, although probably apocryphal, that he earned his living for some time painting stripes on baby zebras born in circuses. Be that as it may, Cho Cho did not become a figure of national importance until one day last spring, when he was roped, thrown and broken by a scientific expedition sent out by Director Sally Lucas Jean, of the Child Health Organization of New York, and headed by Dr. Holt, Dr. Thomas B. Wood, who is chief of the department of physical education at Columbia University, and many other noted and patriotic scientists and laymen.

[Here's a Cho-Chogram for you:

"C—is for Gaining
As every Child could;
A half-pound a month
Is the least that he should"

There are genealogical experts who explain the origin of Cho Cho's name by pointing impolitely to the fact that "Cho Cho" is merely a double dose of C. H. O., which in turn are the initial letters of "Child Health Organization." No matter. Let it suffice to say that from Nowhere comes a taxicab and draws up in front of the big schoolhouse door, and out of the cab explodes a dazzling blaze of color in the person of Cho Cho. Yep, the magnificent being whom all the primary grade scholars (with expectations daily whetted in advance by artful "Teacher") are bursting with anxiety to meet and see. And then, inside the big auditorium of the schoolhouse, Principal White and Teachers Brown and Green are blowing police whistles in a mad effort to bring a semblance of order out of chaos. Which is impossible so long as Cho Cho persists in riccocheting to the stage by turning handsprings—turning himself into a multicolored human pinwheel—down the centre aisle. Through the open windows, in volume that makes itself heard even amid the indoor uproar, come the shouts and shrill cries of the belated, who had glimpsed only the motley glories of Cho Cho flashing into the schoolhouse door. "Hey, skin-ny! I'm on over!—run like ev'thing!" Poking out from tenement windows—yes, and above the floral window boxes of swagger apartment houses—come the heads of mothers anxious to know the cause of the delirious panic. Bedlam still breaks against the schoolhouse entrance as the belated insist upon fighting a passage toward an interior long overcrowded.

Thereafter, for an hour or more, all indoors becomes a prolonged shriek of purest joy, but punctuated with moments of comparative stillness as Cho Cho again and again and again rhythmically retards the waves of delirium long enough to make himself heard while pronouncing and elaborating upon the eight commandments of child health that Dr. Holt says, guarantees, can remake the human race. Not only the children are being taught as Cho Cho talks and jokes and capers, he also is teaching the assembled teachers; when he has gone again in his taxicab to the land of Nowhere he leaves in the schoolhouse, in addition to the eight commandments of health and their corollaries that he has given to the children, a system of health peda-

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gogics teeming with the elemental (but too often neglected) facts that "weight for height and age" is the gauge of child health, that a set of weighing scales and a measuring tape are necessary items in schoolhouse equipment, perhaps *the* important items inasmuch as the undernourished and diseased child is incapable of using properly all else that the school has to offer.

"Teacher's" face is thoughtful as she watches Cho Cho drive away. During Cho Cho's performance she has learned from Mrs. Laurette Munn—an exceptionally capable professional nurse, a specialist in child health, who is sent out by Miss Jean with Cho Cho to help in the work of teaching the teachers—that the army of little scholars physically, and therefore mentally, incapable of getting the best from the school equipment is appallingly large. Even in sections of New York City which Miss Jean and her experts rate as "good" residential neighborhoods from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of all the children in a school were found to weigh from one to eighteen pounds less than they should, and in tenement districts the kinds and degrees of underdevelopment were, it goes without saying, even more startling.

Cho Cho and the Child Health Organization came into being simultaneously in New York city slightly more than a year ago, but for some months Cho Cho was merely an idea, an imaginary Cho Cho who existed only on the printed pages of the instructive booklets and other "literature" sent out by the organization. Then last Easter, Director Jean and her co-workers hit upon the idea of bringing a real flesh and blood Cho Cho from Nowhere. Immediately the real Cho Cho began, in the language of the showman, to "turn 'em away" by the thousands. Before the summer vacation days of the present year had arrived more than 14,000,000 school children, thanks to Chochoism, were being systematically weighed, measured, sent to clinics when necessary and generally were being brought a long step closer to right living. School vacation did not stop Cho Cho. On a hot July day during the past summer I saw more than 3,000 little ones storming their schoolhouse doors—*fighting to get into school during "vacation"!*—and all of them unconsciously giving their afternoon to learning to do, and to *like* to do, the things which almost all children prefer to leave undone. More than five hundred children had to be "turned away" that day. Cho Cho was but a few weeks old when the idea which he dramatizes had radiated to points hundreds of miles from New York. Atlantic City, Milwaukee, New England communities, were clamoring for, and securing, the services of Cho Cho for demonstration purposes. Before midsummer Cho Cho had been "booked" for performances that will keep him busy six days a week in various States until well into January, 1920. He had been launched with only the school children of New York City in mind but the launching made a splash that was instantly heard in Washington. Miss Jean went to the capital and talked with Secretary of the Interior Lane. "Great!" cried the Secretary. "Let's make the idea national." Straightway from the Government Printing Office began to come bales of attractive and instructive booklets, all bearing the joyous trademark of the Child Health Organization and filled with Cho Cho's teachings—a bit of governmental help fervently appreciated by the boy's-sized strong box in the society, which also suffers chronically from malnutrition. When Cho Cho, the real, was two months old his doctrine was being systematically practised in thirty States. Today it has spread to, and is taking root in every civilized country on the face of the earth.

The astonishing growth of the idea is largely due to the vision of Miss Jean and her co-workers in making a competitive game of their propaganda, and not only a game but a game one learns at a circus! Also they seized upon and accentuated the old spirit of rivalry which is manifest when small playmates climb aboard the scales at the corner grocer's and gleefully compare their weights. The sponsors of the idea realized that children learn in groups, that therefore the school teachers were to be all important in the spread of the doctrine; and the programme was laid out with this thought also prominently in mind. The teachers can impart all the health education necessary but the training, if it is to become health habit, must be practised at home. The spectacular arrival of Cho Cho in a neighborhood would help toward bringing knowledge of the new idea to the mothers—you remember the mothers poking their heads from tenement windows or above the window boxes of more pretentious homes—and when Cho Cho had departed the child would scamper home to tell in detail of the great day. But would parents be only passively interested in the child's chatter about Cho Cho? Leave it to Miss Jean to think of that contingency! When young hopeful reaches home his mother, even if she be Old Mrs. Passivity herself, is going to take an immediate and active interest in a tag the size of a baggage check which dangles from a button on young hopeful's little jacket, a yellow ticket that is speckled with black type and dotted lines and a bit of teacher's handwriting:

WATCH YOUR WEIGHT!
Are You Gaining at Least ½ lb. Each Month?
Name.....Buddie Talbrop
Age.....Nine Years
Height.....48 Inches
Weight .....46 Pounds

You SHOULD weigh about 55 Pounds!

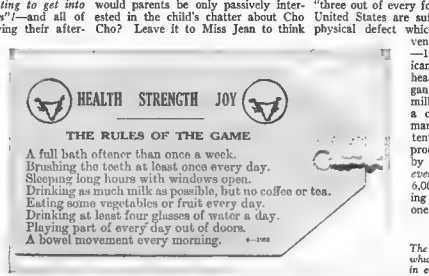
If Buddie's mother is worthy of motherhood, it is fair to say that she will finger the yellow tag thoughtfully enough to cause her to read what is printed on the reverse side of the tag. She should, for there she will find printed the eight rules of the new game which, on the professional words of Dr. Holt, Dr. Wood, Dr. H. Auger Bennett, Dr. Godfrey Pisek, Dr. Samuel Hamill, Dr. Bernard Sachs, Dr. Victor Heiser and other eminent committee members in Miss Jean's organization, are capable of building a new race in America, of transforming the health of the whole world:

Health in Education—Education in Health

THE RULES OF THE GAME

1. Drinking as much milk as possible, but no coffee or tea.
2. Drinking at least four glasses of water a day.
3. Eating some vegetables or fruit every day.
4. A full bath more than once a week.
5. Brushing the teeth at least once every day.
6. A bowel movement every morning.
7. Playing part of every day out of doors.
8. Sleeping long hours with windows open.

When Buddie comes home wearing a tag that breaks the news that he is nine pounds below par there is more than an even chance that something better than the bare idea of health training will enter Buddie's household. Doubtless Buddie's loss of nine pounds will cause more of a stir in that particular home than the more important news—given forth on unquestioned authority—that "three out of every four children in the United States are suffering from some physical defect which might be prevented or corrected"—15,000,000 American school children heading toward organic lesions! Six million of these are in a condition that demands immediate attention. Further proof has been offered by Lucy Oppen that *every child* of the 6,000,000 "is suffering not merely from one but from many


HEALTH STRENGTH JOY
THE RULES OF THE GAME
A full bath oftener than once a week.
Brushing the teeth at least once every day.
Sleeping long hours with windows open.
Drinking as much milk as possible, but no coffee or tea.
Eating some vegetables or fruit every day.
Drinking at least four glasses of water a day.
Playing part of every day out of doors.
A bowel movement every morning.

The eight Rules of Health which Cho Cho teaches in every school he visits

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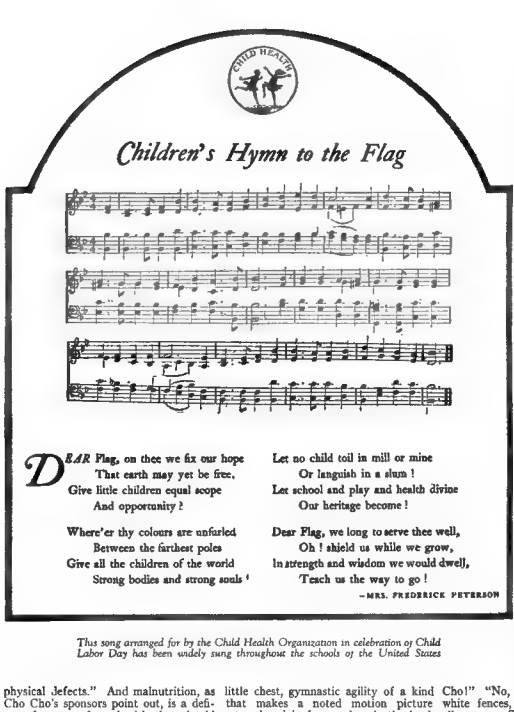
CHILD HEALTH
Children's Hymn to the Flag
DEAR Flag, on thee we fix our hope
That earth may yet be free,
Give little children equal scope
And opportunity!
Where'er thy colours are unfurled
Between the farthest poles
Give all the children of the world
Strong bodies and strong souls!
Let no child toil in mill or mine
Or languish in a slum!
Let school and play and health divine
Our heritage become!
Dear Flag, we long to serve thee well,
Oh! shield us while we grow,
In strength and wisdom we would dwell,
Teach us the way to go!
—MRS. FREDERICK PETERSON

This song arranged for by the Child Health Organization in celebration of Child Labor Day has been widely sung throughout the schools of the United States

physical defects." And malnutrition, as Cho Cho's sponsors point out, is a definite departure from health that should be fought as tuberculosis is fought—which in unnumbered cases will have to be dealt with *as* tuberculosis if the childhood defects are not corrected.

Cho Cho has been coached to deal with the whole problem always with the elemental question in mind: "How can we make the children *want* to gain?" Health teaching among children, until Cho Cho blossomed into being, was approached, when approached at all, by way of the back door instead of positively from the front. Health teachings were negative: "Don't eat that stuff, Willie. It will make you sick." Health and health teachings were always made matters of pain, illness, doctors, death. Health in Cho Cho's teachings is the father and mother of all the jolly things of life. It is joy. Health is nourishing ice cream, refreshing draughts of milk, custard puddings. For boys it is athletic prowess, a place on the school baseball team, medals on one's proud little chest, gymnastic agility of a kind that makes a noted motion picture actor the idol of every boy in the land. Health for little girls is made synonymous with beauty—flashing eyes, pink and white complexions, attractive figures. For boys and girls it is a thing of merry games in the sunshine, rest when tired, good appetites and well-filled stomachs, happiness.

Cho Cho's very motto is "Health, Strength, Joy!"—these three, and the greatest of these is Joy. Cho Cho early makes it known that there can be no joy without health and strength. But never is he an obviously didactic Cho Cho. Cho Cho's show is—a show. Perhaps somewhere between capers and guffaws the fact does leak out that five little prunes have more value as food than thirty big tomatoes, or that table-room given to radishes should be occupied by carrots or spinach, but if the little enthusiasts watching and listening to Cho Cho learn these things, they swallow the knowledge without recognizing the taste. For this immensely amusing Cho Cho, once he has tumbled onto the stage, seems to have thoughts only for one "finger" of his white cotton glove that is empty. Evidently he has lost the flesh and blood finger that seems to be missing; and with comically mournfully pattings of the empty part of his glove his solemn search for the "missing" part of his manual anatomy instantly changes a primary school into one great composite explosion of sheer joy. And then, precisely as certain astute theatre men owe much of the success of some of their shows to the trick of leading the audience into taking a part themselves in the performance, Cho Cho artfully induces his plastic child audiences to shout out questions, to answer his conundrums, to be a big part of the show themselves.

The school house seethes with the circus mood, an attitude of mind assertively receptive. Will the children present show Cho Cho their teeth? Instantly little fingers are helping little jaw muscles to make extravagant dental displays. "And now tell Cho Cho what your teeth look like, children!" "Like white beads, Cho Cho!" "Wrong, children—guess again." "Rows of white beans, Cho Cho!" "No, children, no!" "Like little white fences, Cho Cho." "No, you're all wrong. They look like—they look like——" "Tell us, Cho Cho! *Tell* us!" "They look like coffee beans, children. (Tremendous laughter.) Now tell me why your teeth are like coffee beans?" "Why, Cho Cho? Why?" "Because they're dirty"—and out comes Cho Cho's toothbrush and flies into action, with no mention of such hateful folk as dentists escaping Cho Cho's lips. The clown is content with the knowledge that the health teachers who follow him will attend to the dental examinations in their own good time.

From the audience come wild guesses concerning the nature of "the goodies wrapped in this package," and the hearts of Cho Cho is ostentatiously heavy when the first guess is "Candy!" Nor does gladness return to him until he has uncovered the box and has brought forth a bottle of milk, his painted face wreathed in grins as he drinks the milk, "chewing" it slowly. There are charming yarns about (*Continued on Page* 68)

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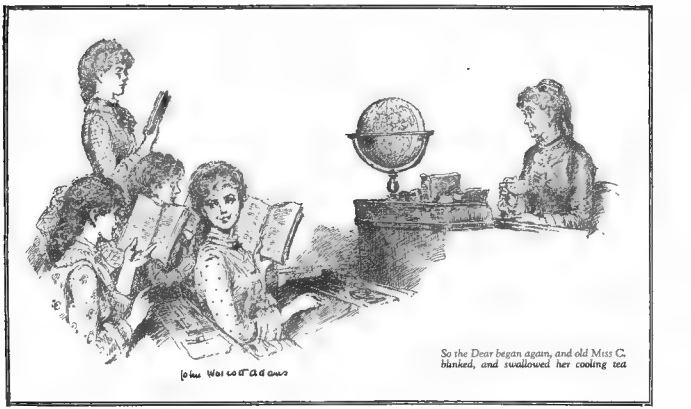

So the Dear began again, and old Miss C. blanked, and swallowed her cooling tea

WHO IS THE EDUCATED WOMAN?

By Margaret Deland

Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams

"FASHIONS in learning have changed almost as much as fashions in dress," says Mrs. Deland. The system of modern education is surely vastly different from that of Mrs. Deland's day. "Is the modern woman really educated?" asks Mrs. Deland, "or is she like the dog trained but not educated?"

TO begin with, she is not the educated woman of our grandmother's time, or even of our mother's time; or, for that matter, of the time of the youth of the present writer! Fashions in learning have changed almost as much as fashions in dress. As I look back into the 70's and think of the private schools in which some of us Pennsylvania girls tackled the three R's, and a rather famous Eastern boarding-school in which several of us were supposed to be "finished," I realize that, compared to the schools and colleges for girls today, our curriculum would be as grotesque as would be the clothes we wore—the bustles and overskirts and scalloped sleeves. As grotesque, even, as the attitude of Youth, then, toward its elders and betters, compared to that of young persons of today who, though quite ruthlessly aware that they have elders, recognize no betters.

What a quaint world it was—that which produced the youth of forty or fifty years ago! And how amusing, from the point of view of the present, were its schools. Take the one in which my own ignorance was nurtured: Here, the training of the intellect (with morality tacked on as a rider) was considered always in relation to what it was proper for young ladies to know. This old school was founded, I think, in the 30's, and the feminine ideal of that period was not greatly modified, even in the 70's. Dr. Johnson's description of a woman in the pulpit applied then almost equally well to a woman in the classroom: "She is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised at finding it done at all." The effort to teach us to walk on our hind legs began with instruction in religion and deportment. These were the foundations on which was built the whole edifice of education. The walls of our palace—our "profane learning"—started with the polite languages and something called grammar, and something else called mathematics, and, of course, history. The roof, the pinnacles, the towers, were the lesser studies—geography, English composition, chemistry, (Yes! *chemistry!*—which shows how advanced we thought we were, for chemistry *is* rather daring for young ladies.) Natural history we had, too; and botany. (Botany was entirely ladylike, then; now that it has its illustrative place in sex education its gentility is questionable.) But certainly, so far as the names of our studies went, we were being "educated."

The way we acquired our knowledge was not without humor—contrasted with educational methods in 1919. . . . Geography, for instance, meant drawing maps of Texas, or South America, or the British Isles; Gray's "Elegy" was offered up for parsing; as for history, my most vivid text-book memory is "Bishop Cummings on the Revelations." This fat volume proved, by many anecdotes (which fitted like caps on the heads of

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The college girl has her tennis and golf, but we had croquet and grace sticks

the four Beasts full of eyes before and behind) just when the world must come to an end. From it we learned that "A time, and a time, and a half of a time" meant the Napoleonic wars; so that, dating from Waterloo, and adding on a few angels and vials every school girl might know that the Universal Cataclysm would take place in 1869. Assisted by the bishop, we made this dismaying calculation in *1874!*—but what is a little matter of five years between young ladies and the end of the world?

Perhaps these awful anticipations, helped out by a chronology which I think Miss A. herself had invented, gave us rather good heads for dates. At any rate, Semiramis *B*eautiful Sinner meant (though you would never know it unless you had been taught that S stood for S and B for 1!) that the wicked queen and her doves lived in 818 B. C. Looking back upon all this waste of good gray matter, I realize that it ought to have been S. O. S.! But at least the S. B. S. led us, by an easy and obvious road, to moralizing upon beauty—which is a vain and deceitful thing, my dears, as you must perceive by this sad story of Semiramis.

As to languages, Monsieur B. drilled us in *Maître Corbeau sur un arbre perché*. Monsieur B. (this was whispered behind our grammars) was *in love!!!*—with Fraulein H. And we gave more thought to that love affair between these two old people (thirty at least, they must have been) than to Maître Corbeau.

We never had examinations. In our Latin hour we just stumbled along, all of us, through our first readers, while our teacher (who had a little sad, red nose and a perpetual cold in her head) drank tea; (she always brought a cup of tea from the dinner table to the classroom). She sipped her tea, and read Cæsar to herself, nodding sleepily to our droning voices—but sometimes waking up with dismaying unexpectedness, to say:

"Come, my dear! Come, come, my dear; you are quite wrong. Now begin again."

So the Dear began again, and old Miss C. blinked and swallowed her cooling tea, and wiped her little button of a nose. Yet there were girls in that class who managed, somehow, by the aid of the occasional, "Come, my dear!" to read Cæsar for themselves, with intelligence and pleasure! Of course, those of us who were not studious forgot everything but our declensions, which linger in our minds to this day, because, I suppose, of the rhythmical

Stella
Stellae
Stellae
Stellam

All these matters of the intellect were somehow connected (like Semiramis) with morals—and sometimes with religion, which, in those innocent days, was supposed to be the same thing. Probably the modern mind does not see how Maître Corbeau can be twisted into any religious admonition; but that only shows that the modern mind does not use the Episcopal Catechism as a textbook upon ethics. Yet it could do worse than study "Thy duty towards thy neighbor"—which suggests that Maître Reynard, who plainly belongs to the lower classes, should learn and labor truly to earn his own cheese.

So much for learning; and there were many, many girls who, by these droll methods, did somehow get very finely on their hind legs. (The present writer, I grieve to say, was not one of them, being a lazy little wretch, vastly curious about Monsieur B. and Fraulein H., fond of dreaming in the garden with the box borders and given to speculations about the four beasts, full of eyes before and behind.)

With all these solid foundational studies, please remember that our palace of learning had also, as I have said, its towers and pinnacles, even its gargoyles! Things suited to our sex, and the walk of life in which it had pleased God to call us; playing on the piano and copying with finely pointed pencils engravings of happy peasants dancing on village greens, or kneeling in family prayers. I wonder what old Mr. R., our drawing master, would think of Life Classes and the altogether? Also, though free-born Americans, we celebrated the Queen's birthday in—June, was it? I've forgotten! I only remember that it was always summer, and that we walked two and two, through the old garden, where the box borders were almost waist high; and we sang English "catches" and heard the royal family prayed for at worship. There was Collect Class every Sunday

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morning for which I am now very grateful; the beauty and dignity of the Collects being part of my spiritual life. And there was a Bible game every Sunday evening, for which I am not so grateful; yet I like to remember the stately ceremony with which the game ended: we were all kissed on both cheeks by Miss A., very majestic, with white side curls, and rustling, wide-spreading, black silk skirts.

Our gargoyles ought to be mentioned: one of them was a weekly lecture on Natural History, when we learned, among other things, how an oyster breathes, and sensitive girls were fearful lest lemon juice and pepper made him uncomfortable. Also, I would have you know (as the very topmost expression of gargoylian learning) that it is not only the universities for women that have athletics in their curricula!—we, too, had *exercise*. The college girl has her tennis and golf, but we had croquet and grace sticks; she has her snowshoes and toboggans; she has the jewels of the west wind and sunshine to play with; her face is wet with beating rain, her legs taut with the leap of the skis. Well—we skated (when it was not too cold) on a little pond; and we played in fine weather—oh, what was the name of that game where we ran from tree to tree in the garden? I can't remember! I can remember, however, very clearly, the pacing between the box hedges on summer afternoons, or walking on winter mornings, two and two, on well-shoveled sidewalks. And these things we called "exercise."

I can imagine how girls, now, would grin at the placid, gentle, obedient life—and how they would pity us, as poor things. . . .

Well, in a way, some of us were "poor things." Certainly, so far as knowledge went, our hind legs were rather shaky—unless we loved study and clave to it, for, unless we chanced to be scholarly, we left the old school with depths of unruffled ignorance in our young minds; those of us who did love study succeeded—with the assistance of Monsieur B. and Miss C., and the rest of the instructors—in acquiring much real knowledge.

Next to secular learning, came instruction in deportment and the proprieties of life. As, for instance, when summoned to Miss B.'s sanctum, to be told, gently, of the death of my grandfather, I was, after my first natural regret, informed as to my behavior: "You will remain in your room until your dear mamma sends you your mourning." Then I, timidly: "But I don't think she will send me any mourning. Grandfather did not approve of it." Then Miss B., reprovingly: "Ah, my dear, your dear grandpapa sees things *very* differently now! I am sure he would wish you to wear black." There was another sad moment in that gloomy little room, where the latticed windows were darkened by climbing roses and ivy (my heart was pounding in my throat, my eyes blinked with tears):

"What is this I hear of your behavior in your classroom?"

"I—I—I don't know, ma'am." (Of course I did know, perfectly well, but remorse and fear have a horrible effect upon even fairly truthful natures.)

"You ran across the schoolroom floor!"

Silence. Confronted by damaging and undeniable facts, what can the criminal say? In my heart I called on the mountains to fall on me and the hills to cover me. I cried furtively into a damp ball of a pocket handkerchief.

"Do not seek to excuse yourself. I am grieved to say that such conduct cannot be excused."

Dead, dead silence. Tears in floods.

"What, my child, would your sainted grandmother say if she could know that you had committed so great an indecorum?"

(Boo! Hoo!)

Never, never again was I guilty of such an act! That terrible moment in Miss A.'s study saved me. To this day I never run across schoolroom floors! My misdemeanor had been reported to Miss A. by a dear dragon who guarded our manners, and who had one blind eye which she concealed by letting two gray curls bob down over her forehead and rest upon her rosy wrinkled cheek. Yet (as in my own case) her one good eye saw everything which might be undesirable for young ladies to do or see; as, for instance, the photograph of a handsome soldier brother. "Put it hup, my dear; put it hup. Your brother is very good-looking and, my dear, young ladies are so *hexceedingly* silly. So I must ask you to put it hup."

"But why?" the bewildered sister asked.

At which the withered dragon closed the door, and then said, in a modest voice, "You must not refer to it, my dear; but . . . *they fall in love!*"

So proceeded our education—mind, morals, manners. . . . Were we educated? So far as the text-books went, some of us were, some of us were not.

There were, as I have said, studious girls who would have been grounded in what Miss A. and Monsieur B. and Miss C. offered us, had they been left (with the books) on a desert island. But the average girl slipped along—through the Latin hour, through Maître Corbeau, through two and two make four, through the oyster's annoyance at salt and pepper, and emerged a rather pleasant young creature (I think); but except for the surface of her mind, which was spattered with terminologies, she was, speaking from the point of view of the text-book, almost as ignorant as when she entered the beautiful house, with its towers and leaded windows, its gracious lawns and wonderful gardens, its atmosphere of sweet decorum (which forbade the rush across the schoolroom floor, because it disturbed the other young ladies—and is not such consideration the basis of good man-

When I was summoned to be told of my grandfather's death, I was told also how to behave

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can remember very clearly the pacing between the box hedges

ners?) its true politeness and its gentle pleties. As a result, today our daughters and nieces smile at each other over some of our artless ideas and call us educationally—poor things!

Which brings me back to the question: Who is the educated woman? If we say—as some of us do—that she *is the woman who has the widest range of emotion*, we imply the text-book, because it opens the door to that range of emotion. The pagan, standing on the pleasant lea, has, no doubt, glimpses that make him less forlorn—but he might be still less forlorn if, by knowing his A B C's, he could know more about the lea; or even *more* forlorn in the realization that the world is indeed too much with us. Hence it would seem that our daughters, immersed in A B C's, must have wider horizons of feeling—in other words, be better educated—than we are. Think how much they know—everything!—in heaven and earth, and the waters under the earth How much they know, for instance, about that salt-and-peppered oyster. Our sensitiveness as to his feelings did not include the knowledge that his reproductive processes insure the United States a food product of such and such bulk but only of such and such caloric value; nor that the percentage of deaths from tuberculosis attendant upon oyster dredging implied some responsibility on the part of the class which consumes the oysters to the class that puts them upon the market. The sensitiveness of the young lady to her wincing oyster (can an oyster wince?) opened to her no such class questions—questions which the little gray-curled dragon, guarding our manners, would have been horrified to hear asked, for though we were expected to be kind to the poor, the poor must be dutiful to us, and accept what we are willing to give them, with humbleness. The girl in 1919 who, starting with the oyster, ends by pondering the responsibilities of capital to labor, may have "glimpses"—thanks to the text-book—that arouse emotions far more poignant than those uneasy stirring about salt and pepper and lemon juice.

But does she have those emotions? Or is she like the dog, trained, but not educated? There is no doubt that now, in 1919, she ought to feel something more poignant than mere satisfaction in being able to stand on her hind legs!

So many new doors have opened from her classroom into feeling—the doors of science, of sociology, of art, of literature! In the possible effects of learning, women now are infinitely ahead of women of a generation ago. But judged by their capacity for feeling, they are less ahead of us than they think.

There are a surprising number of college women who do not go beyond the text-book. We have all met these women; their learning is staggering, their training wonderful—their education doubtful. They know infinitely more than their mothers, but they do not seem to enjoy very much more. They are as arid, emotionally, with text-books as some of us were without them. Their range of knowledge is wider, but their range of feeling is no wider. If they see the stars they pause at astronomic terms; which is only what some of us did—the other way round! We paused at the stars—and knew nothing about them. We paused, intellectually, for want of text-books; some of the college women pause emotionally with them. They are astonishingly clever in standing on their hind legs.

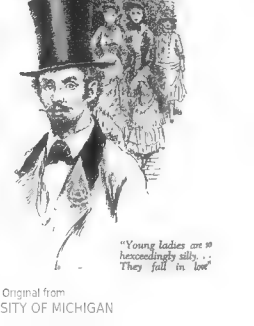
It seems to me that the education of the educated woman is measured by the way learning is transmuted into emotion—or the reaction of apprehended facts on the individual mind.

Education requires the text-book, plus personality.

As I observe the college woman, I feel a lack of the emotional reaction of learning. I don't think she enjoys many more things than we did—though obviously she ought to. I don't think she suffers with a sense of the pain of the world any more keenly than her unscientific Lady-Bountiful grandmother suffered—though obviously she ought to. (But it is, no doubt, more comfortable for her not to have the full emotional reaction of her sociological knowledge just now, as the realization of the pain of the world might be too intolerable.)

She often impresses me—this girl of extraordinary general information—as being sterile when it comes to emotion. This may be because the widening of the range of learning is so new to her experience that she is self-conscious and hides feeling. But I am inclined to think that feeling is not there to hide. She is so busy acquiring information that she has not the leisure to transmute it into emotion. I would like to see the passion of appreciation—pain, joy, sympathy—keep pace with knowledge. To be a storehouse of facts is not to be educated—though to be educated you must have the storehouse upon which to draw.

It is the *You* which decides whether you are trained dog or educated human.



"Young ladies are so exceedingly silly . . . They fall in love"

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"Three times a year the classes go out genuinely grounded in Americanism (and, for the most part, genuinely enthusiastic about it) to spread the gospel among their fellows"

Let's get together and increase the output of

HAND-MADE AMERICANS

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustration by Lejaren A. Hiller

SHUFFLING feet and nervous breathings made a murmur in the room. Men of many diverse types sat tensely upright in their places, or with moving lips and far-away, intent eyes, seemed to con an ill-learned lesson. The mental atmosphere suggested the dread examination day of one's childhood in a class which had consistently shirked under a lax teacher, and had now come painfully to judgment. In fact, it was examination day. The New York State Supreme Court, sitting in naturalization term at Utica, was engaged in transmuting alien dross into the pure gold of American citizenship by a slow, patient and rather inglorious alchemy of interrogation.

A swarthy outlander, asked what president freed the slaves, expressed the belief that it was "Tedda Roosevelt." A chunky applicant whose blue eyes and neutral-hued hair suggested a northern derivation, opined in a broken voice, after the question had been thrice put to him, that our laws are made by judges appointed by the mayor. A nervous little French Canadian, pried out of his seat at the call only by the physical exertions of his friends, stood voiceless and tremulous, so obviously stricken with stage fright that the kindly judge sent him back to calm down, after which he passed the test creditably. A touch of dramatic variety was contributed by an elderly Latin-American who, being invited to state what citizenship meant to him, began to recite the Declaration of Independence with pious fervor and, checked in that exercise, burst into tears, proclaiming that he was an honest man who had never been in trouble before but once, and then on a misapprehension. Almost without exception the prospective citizens exhibited symptoms ranging from hysterics to coma. Had they been summoned forth to state why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon them their demeanor could hardly have been more dismal and depressed. Then a number somewhere up in the eleven-hundreds was called.

A heavy-set fellow lurched out of his seat. His name, as he gave it, testified to a Balkan origin. He stood square on his feet, head confidently poised, eyes attentive to the judge. From the first it was plain that English was his weak point. He spoke with painful slowness and in an accent hard to understand. But it was equally obvious that he had come there not mechanically prepared to answer a list of set questions, but with fundamental though simple comprehension. Realizing his difficulty in the matter of language, the judge put the queries slowly and distinctly, but carried the examination further, as it developed, than in the other cases. Deliberately, painstakingly, with occasional odd outbreaks into sheer colloquialism, the applicant outlined the governmental

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system of the city, the state, and the nation.

The Federal Commissioner, there on one of the court visits which these officials make, had been listening dispiritedly to the others; now he evinced interest.

"This one is different," he remarked to the judge. "When you are finished I'll take him."

"Take him now," invited the judge. "But I do not think you will stump him."

"Why not?"

"Because I suspect he is one of Dunham's men."

Passing that for the time, the Commissioner turned to the applicant. "How old are you?"

"Twent't'ree."

"Would you like to go to Congress?"

The man puzzled over that, slowly repeating it to himself. Then his face lighted up. "Sure. Some day," said he.

"What would you do in Congress?"

"Mak' da law."

"How much older would you have to be to be elected?"

"Two year," returned the applicant, having completed a private calculation.

"How much older must you be to be elected to the Senate?"

"Eight year."

"And how long before you could be President?"

"Not a chance," returned the man positively.

"Why not?"

"Ain't got born in dis countra."

"You'll do," pronounced the official approvingly, and the near-Easterner retired, politely acknowledging the court's compliments on his showing.

At recess the Commissioner asked the judge in my hearing what he had meant by the term, "a Dunham man."

"A graduate from George E. Dunham's naturalization class," explained the judge. "I can usually tell them as soon as they get on their feet, and I could almost pass them without examination. You see for yourself how different that fellow was from the others. It is the difference between a hand-made and a machine-made article. Dunham makes his citizens by hand."

Though I have for many years counted George Dunham one of my valued friends and known him to be a prominent and public-spirited citizen of Utica, I had never heard of the class referred to by His Honor. Knowing that anything with Dunham in it would be likely to embody original and interesting ideas, I made inquiries and came upon some local history in the making.

George Dunham who runs a newspaper up in Utica, N.Y., that he dubs "The Truthteller" the average teaches aliens more about this country than natives know

Some years before the world-war broke out and "Americanization" became a word which made thinking people thoughtful; Utica woke up to the fact that its civic digestion was bad. It was taking in more foreign matter than it could assimilate. The textile and other factories had drawn to it a large populace of Italians, Poles, Austrians and Russians, while the farming districts near-by were filling up with unnaturalized Welshmen and Hollanders. The locality was fast becoming one of the most cosmopolitan little centres in the nation, and no effort was being made to leaven the polyglot lump with good, Yankee-izing influence. As is its habit, the Y. M. C. A. started something. A dinner of some forty prominent citizens was held, at which Secretary Jordan of the Y outlined the necessity for action, with the result that a committee was appointed, with Mr. Dunham as chairman. Nobody seems to know what subsequently became of the committee. But Dunham remains. Which is all that is necessary.

Following the plan laid out, Secretary Jordan procured from the County Clerk's office a list of those who were to come up for naturalization at the next term of court and circularized them with a notice that a training class would be held at the Y. M. C. A. No charge. All welcome. Mr. George E. Dunham would preside. Questions and difficulties would be resolved as presented. The foreigners came, more than were expected, and sat about, filling the meeting room with sounds as of the Tower of Babel. Mr. Dunham, taking the chair, explained the course. There would be simple, instructional talks by judges and city officials and some of the faculty of Hamilton College, of which Mr. Dunham is a graduate and a trustee, with questions on the topics discussed, to close. Thus far it was all very much according to the educational formulæ in vogue for any and all varieties of the transmission of knowledge. But the class had not formula-prepared minds. The method, time-and-custom-honored though it was, did not work. The officials came, judges, commissioners, professors, the mayor, the corporation counsel and others came and talked and departed, leaving the aliens much as they found them, polite, attentive, eager—blank. Questioned afterward by the Chairman on the points taken up, they exhibited no appreciation and little intelligence.

"This isn't going to do," said the Y secretary to Mr. Dunham. "Those fellows aren't learning."

"So it seems to me," returned Mr. Dunham.

"The speakers don't get it over to them. They're talking above their heads."

"I'll ask them to be simpler," said the Chairman.

"No; they don't know their audience. All that the men got out of it, you gave them in your quizzes. It looks to me as though you'd have to do it yourself."

Mr. Dunham, being a busy man, had not the time to do it himself. So he did it. It is always the busy man who somehow finds time to do the useful and unselfish service that less busy men won't do. That was eight years ago. He has been doing it ever since.

If on some Friday evening you should wander into that little Y. M. C. A. meeting room—this, by the way, is highly improbable, (*Continued on Page 70*)

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"He had slouched his way through school. He wore his cap with the peak over one ear his hands in his pockets, and a cigarette attached to the lower left corner of his mouth"

There's always a way to cure him, so

NEVER CALL A BOY "BAD"

By Angelo Patri

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

UNLESS you can smile as you say it, never call a boy "bad." There are misplaced, and misjudged, and misguided boys aplenty, but the really bad boy is rare. So rare that many of you have never seen one.

A "bad" boy came into the office one day. His face was flushed, his eyes were angry, his hair was rumpled as he lumbered into the little room where I sat. He was a very big boy, bigger than any boy in the school, bigger than I, the principal.

"My teacher says to tell you that my manners are too bad for classroom consumption," he said grimly.

I indicated a chair near me and he fell into it with a dull thump. I went on writing. Soon I thought he was laughing. Doubting it, I watched out of the corner of my eye. Sure enough. He laughed silently until he shook the chair. Catching my eye, he burst into laughter long and loud. I had to join in, there was no helping it.

"My teacher," he gasped, "she's the limit. Look here," and he pulled a little picture card out of his pocket. "I got a hundred per cent. in my grammar lesson and she says, 'Here, John. I am very pleased with you. That is a great stride forward. Here is a prize for you,' and she gave me this. My Gawd, she gave me a picture card." And again he went off into a perfect gale of laughter, holding the tiny picture in his huge paw.

You see this was what is generally termed a "bad" boy. He was really a young man. He worked in a butcher store, carrying half a steer on his back with the best of them. He had an adult point of view, where the rest of the class had those of childhood. He swore, he smoked cigarettes as he went about the streets, and he was likely to "hand the teacher something when she tried to put one over," as he put it.

But he was not bad at all. He was misplaced, for when we put him with another teacher there was no more trouble. He graduated, went into the butcher business and lived happy ever afterward with one of the nicest girls in the neighborhood.

Once we thought we had a real bad boy. He broke out in the most violent rages, hurt the children near him, tore up their papers and raised trouble all day. He was resting in the office after one of his bad spells and I noticed him straightening his glasses. "That's what's the matter," I said to myself. "His eyes are bad."

We sent him to an eminent oculist and within a month you would never have recognized the bright-faced child who ran happily about his business as the bad little boy of the office.

He ran about finding things he had never seen before. He would pick up a book and find a picture and in his joy run to the teacher and show it to her, thinking she, too, had never had the wonderful pleasure of seeing the beautiful thing. He was not bad. He was nearly blind.

There was another boy, so disobedient as to make one marvel. He would look sweetly at you and do exactly what you did not want him to do. We were at the end of our patience when we found that he was deaf.

One of his playmates told us. He had gone up behind him and yelled "Booh" in his ear and he hadn't heard him, never turned around. The little playmate had the good sense to tell us about it the next time the deaf child got into trouble.

It is always best to call in the experts when you are failing with a boy. It is the old principle, "two heads are better than one." It is an awful feeling to have come over you when you learn that you owe a child an apology and that no apology you can offer will ever make amends.

Sometimes a boy is bad because he is uncomfortable. A dirty child is always uncomfortable and is generally bad. Dirt makes for irritability, a loss of self-respect, for bad health. Clean up a bad boy and you have gone a long way toward solving his problem. Company manners go with company clothes.

A very dirty little boy came to the school one day. Very dirty. Not the one-day dirt of the street and playground, but habitual dirt. Nobody wanted him around. His disposition matched his clothes. He would fight at a word. He walked with one shoulder forward as though carrying the proverbial chip. He gathered cigarette butts and pretended to smoke them, so as to horrify the good little boys. He worried the yard monitors and the corner policemen. He had no friends.

The graduating-class teacher saw him. She was a very lovely lady. She had great fondness for little boys and had brought up several friendless ones. She took Tony home with her. For a week

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"The children called him 'Sissy' and he accepted it to the extent of answering it with fists, feet, teeth, and nails. He tore the clothes right off his tormentors' backs"

we did not see him. When he came back no one recognized him. He was several shades lighter and his clothes were immaculate. His manners matched his clothes. He seemed to have forgotten the old Tony and never remembered him again. He wasn't a bad boy and never had been bad. He never had a chance until the teacher took him in hand. Then he fairly sprouted goodness.

There was a gardener one time who gave a box of petunia seedlings to his assistant and told him to transplant them. The work looked easy and the assistant worked along gaily.

By and by the gardener came back. He looked at the little plants set along so trigly in the rows. "Where are the spindling little ones?" he demanded.

"Oh, those I threw away. I planted only the strong-growing ones."

"My word. What did you do with them?"

"Threw them over there by the frames behind the compost heap."

Three strides and the long-legged gardener reached the discarded little plants. Crooning softly to them, he planted them with the greatest care while his bewildered assistant looked on.

Straightening up at last and brushing the soil from his hands, he said, "Don't you know that in petunias the best plants are often found to be those little thready, wiggling things? That's where we get the prizes. Plant them."

Children sometimes suffer from overcare. There are mothers and teachers who cannot keep their hands off the children. No, I don't mean beating them. I mean nagging them. I have heard a stream of talk directed at a child that caused him much more pain and did him much more damage than a whipping would have done. Constant scolding is bad for children. It is stamping on the child's right to live and grow.

A mother calls to her son in the morning, "Come, get up." Then before he has had time to turn over, "Are you up yet? Goodness, I never saw such a lazy boy. If it weren't for me you'd never get up." In a few minutes, "Are you dressed yet? Mercy, but you are slow."

When comes in from school: "Did you wipe your feet? Look at your dirty hands. Goodness, you are as dirty as a pig. What, you were late? Fine report you'll get. No wonder Billy White beats you every month."

No child can be good when he is unhappy, and this sort of thing drives him to desperation. When the boy has a nagging family and a nagging teacher the situation becomes hopeless.

A mother came in one day to tell me that her son had run away. She was a well-dressed woman and spoke clearly and incisively what was in her mind.

"I suppose you know that my son has run away," she said. "I suppose everybody in the neighborhood knows it and is talking about it by this time. I don't know what put such a thing into his head. School, I suppose. It is about all he has learned."

"What happened to make him run away? Have you any idea at all?"

"Nothing. What do you think could happen?"

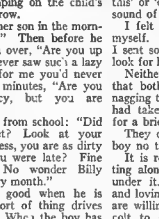
"Of course I don't know. Tell me about it. Perhaps I could help you look for him."

"He came in last night dirty as could be. When I told him to wash himself he stamped all the way upstairs to the bathroom and his father told him to make less noise. His sister spoke up and said he walked like a mule. He answered her very rudely. I corrected him for it. All through dinner he was bad tempered, in fact, he came home from school that way. I came in to ask what happened here to make a boy run away from his perfectly good home. I'd like to see his teacher."

The teacher came to the office and greeted the mother frigidly. Then she made a long complaint about the boy. He had blotted his composition the day before. The teacher made him remain after school and do the paper over. The second copy was worse than the first. She had put it in an envelope and had told the boy to take it home to his father and have it signed, for it was a so-called "discipline."

"There, now," broke in his mother. "Of course he was afraid to give the note to his father and he has run away from home. It is all your fault."

"My fault! Why, the idea! I have not another boy in the class who cannot be trusted to take a note home to his father. Seems to me that he needs home training. Every day I have to be constantly after him or he will do nothing. It's 'do this' or 'do that' until I am tired of the sound of my voice."



I felt just that way about her voice myself. We closed the conference and I sent some of the boy's friends out to look for him.

Neither teacher nor mother could see that both of them were to blame for nagging the life out of the child until he had taken refuge from them—at least for a brief period.

They couldn't see that they gave the boy no time to grow.

It is really wonderful how much letting alone a boy will stand and thrive under it. He needs silence and time and loving patience while he grows. You are willing to wait for a wobbly-legged colt to grow up, but you hurry the boy until he pants for breath and runs away from you.

You cannot hurry the growth of a human being. It is very, very slow. In the forty years I have lived as boy, teacher and principal in a great city, I have met thousands of boys. I have heard a lot about "bad" boys. I played with them as a boy, taught them as a teacher, and met them again as a principal, and I have decided that all healthy, normal boys tend to rightness. They are good children.

What they need is proper routine, the

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right kind of a job and appreciation. It is quite amazing how much praise a small boy will drink in and be the better for it. There was Peter, whose lessons were far from good. He generally stayed two terms in a class. His report read, "generally deficient."

Then a clever teacher got him. The first spelling paper he handed in had eight words out of ten wrong.

"Fine, Peter. Two words right today. Let's keep the paper and see how many we can gain tomorrow."

Tomorrow there was a gain. "Fine, Peter. Five right today. Maybe we can raise it tomorrow."

Up and down went the marks, but there was a steady rise in Peter's lesson curve. The class became interested. They watched eagerly for Peter's report. The first time he got a "perfect" they applauded him wildly and Peter, his face shining with happiness, carried the paper down to the principal.

That is a good way to get the children to follow you anywhere. "Fine, Peter, you have two right today," will carry a child far on his way. "Awful, Peter, this is a disgrace. Here, take this paper to your father and show him just how lazy you are," will sink him further into the Slough of Despond.

The right kind of work or interest will go far to keep a child happily growing. There was one "Sissy" who gave us much trouble until we were reminded of this.

He was a quiet-appearing child, with fine eyes and a sensitive mouth. His lessons were good but his disposition was awful. Did he hand in a paper or stand to recite he did it in such a fashion as to make you long to rise and smite him. The children called him "Sissy," and he accepted it to the extent of answering to it with fists, feet, teeth and nails. He tore the clothes off his tormentors' backs. Complaints about "Sissy" poured into the office.

He earned his name by insisting upon helping the girls with their sewing. They pushed him off and slapped him, but he was ever on the watch for an idle needle. The teacher would discover him sewing, take it away from him with words of scorn and set him at proper work for a boy. Then "Sissy" would exercise his bad disposition. Some rash soul would call "Sissy" and that afternoon there would be another complaint in the office.

His mother came in one day after one of these encounters.

"Now, look here. You people are giving my boy a bad name. He isn't a bad child at all. He is an artist and you are giving him no chance. All you have done for him so far is to give him a cheap nickname.

"Look at my hat." She took it off and held it out to me for closer inspection.

"Do you like it?"

"Surely I do. It is a beauty."

"Sissy made that hat. All of it. Did you know that?" She was very convincing.

"A dirty child is always uncomfortable and is generally bad. Clean up a bad boy and you have gone a long way toward solving his problem and making him good"

I confessed that I knew none.

"Well, then, if you cannot help an exceptional child, if you cannot stretch your school to cover such a child, don't you think you could let him alone?"

We gave "Sissy" needles and thread and color and design. We opened the sewing and millinery classes to him. We gave him all the drawing lessons he could carry. We did this in spite of the fact that "Sissy" would have to work under a special program, go from top to bottom of the school, regardless of the grades, to get the subjects he needed. He did color with an eighth year and sewing with the graduating class girls. But "Sissy" was happy and the children accepted him in the classes as a matter of course.

He made hats for the girls and they wore them. When he made a hat that the most stylish teacher in the school wore proudly, the boys said in tones of respect, "Sissy is going some."

Yet we had said "Sissy" was a "bad" boy.

Here is another type of boy familiar to all of us. Before the war he was as thick on the street corners as blueberries on the ledges in a good season.

He had slouched his way through school as far as he was forced. He wore his cap with the peak over one ear, his hands in his pockets, and a cigarette attached to the lower left corner of his mouth. He was always looking for "Woik." He had no job just then, but a friend was going to speak for him.

He caught a moth and studied it until he knew its color scheme by heart. Then he made this hat. Have you another child in your school that could

We had one we called "Mike." He was a great, hulking, well-built, intelligent boy, but he hated to do anything that smelled of routine work. He had never been trained to it.

At his home the first one up made the coffee. Mike got up when he had to. The rest of the family did likewise. Mealtime was when you got hungry, and as the different members of the family got hungry at different times, that meant all day.

Towards evening, "Mike, run to the corner and get some sliced ham. Your father will be coming for something to eat."

No set time for anything; no order; no regular duty for the day. This sort of irregularity will spoil any boy. It makes for an irritable body and a confused, sloppy mind.

The war came and Mike was gathered in with the rest of his "Class." He chose the aviation service. Then things began to happen. He wrote into the school for text books. We sent them. He asked us for a program of studies covering the books so that he could cover all the ground he needed in a given time. We made the program and sent it on.

He passed the first examination and started in to take the next. His father went to see him and returned with the startling news that Mike was studying like all get out, that he and his Buddie were stealing time from their rest to study. They had rigged up a screen to

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"Constant scolding is bad for children. When he comes in from school 'Did you wipe your feet? Look at your hands Goodness, you are as dirty as a pig'"

hide their light from the guard, and stayed up all night to get their lessons for the next day.

"Did we think Mike's brain could stand it?"

We did.

Mike came back proudly wearing the uniform of an aviation officer. His cap sat true on his head. His teeth were like ivories. His hair gleamed like gold He carried his shoulders in a way that made the girls turn around to look again. And he had a job. He had gone after it himself and lost no time about it.

I couldn't help wishing that the family had saved Mike all those hours of grinding study behind the camp at night when he should have been sleeping.

Trying to make the children happy by giving them nothing to do, letting them stay a few minutes longer in bed mornings while mother gathers the school books and puts up the luncheons, letting them rest a while longer after supper while mother washes the dishes, sit up a little longer to finish the story book, is cheating the children out of the best training they can ever hope to get—daily, orderly routine.

But all this is as the fringe of the storm. The storm center lies further on, deep down in the souls of the hosts of happy, healthy children through the world

When a child is born there is born in him the most powerful, the most attractive, *the most dangerous* of instincts; the desire to be and to do; to strive and struggle and achieve; to take a place in the world.

For want of a better term we call it the dramatic instinct. Its manifestations are as many and varied as there are children. The common terms for it are, "badness," "cussedness," "devilishness." If we stopped to examine the condition at all, the worst term we could, in honesty, apply to it would be "annoying."

The lad who arises in wrath and announces in loud tones, "I will not," is not at all alarming. He is exercising his dramatic instinct. He is creating a situation and the way in which you meet it decides much that is important to his future welfare and your peace of mind.

If you wave your arms and stamp your feet, grow red in the face and shriek aloud, he gets just the excitement and action he was looking for and he will try it again before long

A good teacher and a good parent have trained dramatic instincts and know how to meet these situations wisely, like the good actors they are.

A boy was sent from one school to another in an effort to find a teacher who could cope with his impudence. The principal thought hard as to the best disposition to make of Charlie.

There was consternation in the teachers' ranks when they heard that he had arrived. Nobody wanted him. The teachers on the grade he was scheduled for were loudest in their protests. Three classes beyond him there was a teacher who got along with all kinds of boys. They never were "bad" for her. The principal skipped Charlie into her class and waited for results.

For a few days all was quiet in Charlie's room. Then one day he didn't feel like shedding sweetness and light. He was plainly bad tempered. He was looking for trouble. During one of the lessons the teacher said, "Charlie, put those books up on the shelf, will you?"

"No, I won't. What do you take me for?"

The teacher just chuckled, the merriest, kindest chuckle in the world. The dimple in her left cheek flashed in and out. "Don't," she said. "Lou, you'd do that for me, wouldn't you?"

Now Lou was no angel himself. But here was a chance to take the center of the stage and he could not let that go by, so, with a swish and a swagger, the books went up on the shelf and the teacher had a map of the state of New York well on its way on the blackboard before the astonished Charlie could recover. The teacher's chalk was flashing across the board and the first boy was on

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his feet reciting before Lou sat down. Charlie's act was crowded out.

Scolding mothers often give a wrong twist to the dramatic instinct. One mother used to throw up her arms and scream, and pull her hair and throw her hair pins about, and stamp her feet and strike her head against the wall. "I am a sick woman. This child will kill me. I cannot stand him. Let me die."

Little son would tease her into a temper to see her throw a bowl at his head. Then he would dash down stairs, screaming that his mother was killing him.

One day his mother went to school and asked to have him sent to truant school.

"We cannot do that. He never plays truant," the principal told her. This conversation was held in the boy's hearing.

The next day he played truant. The officer brought him in. He played truant again and again. The officer was at his wits' end.

"I can't make him out. He never hides from me as the other boys do. No, he stands there in the street until I come up to him. Then he makes such a row that the people on the street stop and ask me why I am mistreating the child. And me never laying a finger on him."

"Tell you what you do next time," said the principal. "Walk by him as though you did not see him. Make it a point to pass him two or three times and not see him. Do this every day for a week and if he does not come to school of his own accord, then we will have to have him committed."

At the end of the week he was in his place. If there were to be no scenes on the street or in the office there was no use in playing truant. But this was as far as the school could go.

His mother called again on the principal. "Please put him away. He is awful. If he doesn't like his supper he throws the dishes on the floor, pulls the table cloth off and breaks everything on the table.

"When his sister's beau calls, he throws all the sofa cushions out of the window and calls 'Police.' Then the young man goes away and never comes back, and she is not getting young any more, either. Please send him away."

There was nothing left to do but send him to a home where the inmates were less dramatic in their expressions of peace or war.

The child was not really bad. We could not persuade his mother that her wild actions but fed his hunger for excitement and action —that her wild actions led to his wrong actions.

This curiosity to see what will happen, this craving for action, and when the action is beyond them, to get others in action that they may look on, even though they may not share in it, leads many children to do things that we call bad.

That is what makes the boy ring the fire alarm. That is what makes him start your automobile down hill when you leave it unguarded for a minute. That is what makes him take your money, board a freight train and start for the Wild West to kill ten at a blow and have his pictures in all the railway stations—maybe.

That is what makes wars—boys' wars. Action—the more violent and daring the better. He would live in climaxes and we grown-ups are so humdrum and stodgy.

Of all the bad boys we meet the gang leader is the worst. Life as we interpret it for him is too slow. We want him to sit still occasionally and maintain a discreet silence at intervals, varying with our state of health and our business for the day.

He wants things to happen and when they don't happen with the speed that he desires he goes out and makes them happen. He finds ardent and faithful followers. We call them the gang and worry tremendously about them. There is something to worry about.

The gang leader enters the school with a feeling of contempt for everything concerning it. He, the leader of brave men, of daring deeds, to sit still on a bench and have a woman bossing him! A woman, whose only use in life is to be a captive for ransom. Ha, he will show her. She shall plead for her miserable life. Then she shall see what a hero she has been affronting. He will save her life for the time at least so that she may see him and his noble band in action.

Just then the teacher asks him to find the number of square feet in a ceiling. He wakes to a realization of the dreary prison that has been designed to fetter such free souls as his.

If the teacher is wise that day she will give him a wide berth and consult with the principal as to what can be done to hold the boy. He must be held in school, but force will not do it. The gang boys are discovered among those just entering or about to enter upon adolescence. They have all sorts of longings and strivings after great things. Race-old instincts are struggling for expression. New functions are developing. Nerves and muscles are under a terrific strain. Knowledge and understanding and a great sympathy is needed for the successful interpretation of these boys.

The well-equipped playground and gymnasium are big helps here. The men in charge organize the teams in the place of the gang and the gang leader often becomes the captain of the team.

What glory when the team wins the trophy! No pirate ever trod the deck more proudly than the captain treads the platform, followed by his team, the morning he is to present the trophy to the school.

Imagine the big hall filled with the boys of the school, from little fellows who can scarcely close their hands around a ball up to the big fellows entering High School, all waiting to do honor to the team. The principal walks up on the platform with the playground teacher. Then the team follows, tramping after the captain. The principal reads off the names of the team slowly, pausing after each name that the school may cheer for each one. The captain steps forward and presents the principal with the trophy. The school cheers wildly and the teacher at the piano strikes up the school song.

Then the principal lays his hand on the shoulder of the captain. Everybody sits very still. Something is going to happen, they think. The principal rarely makes speeches.

"I must tell you about Patsy. He won the game for us. The opposing team had us beaten. Then Patsy got the ball. They got him down, but he held on to the ball, shook them off and ran on. They closed in on him and we thought he was gone, but the ball rose clean and true and went over. We carried Patsy off the field, but we carried the trophy, too."

Now the school rises and cheers and cheers until it is hoarse. Patsy makes a jab at a bow and runs off the platform.

Imagine another day. The hall is filled with boys. The dress flag is out. The color guard is dressed very smartly. They look extremely important. All the boys have little red, white and blue bows in their buttonholes. They are several years older than the last time you saw them. Some of them seem quite grown up and have to be shown to seats. The hall is full and everybody is looking at the door through which the principal and the visitors come.

A group of dignified men enter, then the principal—then—the school goes wild. Just one crashing cheer that has no end fills the air. Patsy has come home wearing an officer's uniform and a D. S. C. and the school has gathered to tell him (*Continued on Page* 00)

GIVE HIM THIS CHANCE!

"WHEN a child is born, there is born in him the most powerful, the most attractive, the most dangerous of instincts. For want of a better term we call it the 'dramatic instinct.' A good teacher and a good parent have trained dramatic instincts and know how to meet these situations wisely."

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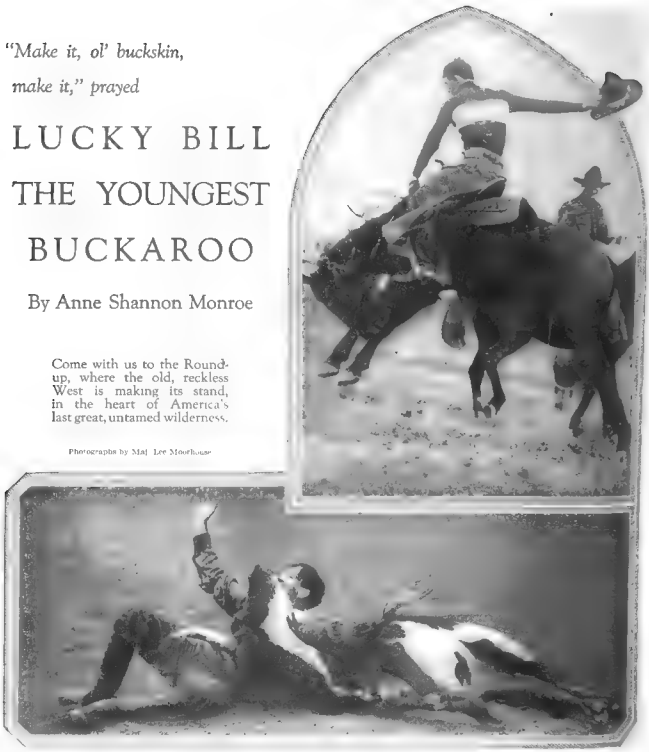
"Make it, ol' buckskin,
make it," prayed

LUCKY BILL THE YOUNGEST BUCKAROO

By Anne Shannon Monroe

Come with us to the Round-up, where the old, reckless West is making its stand, in the heart of America's last great, untamed wilderness.

Photographs by Maj Lee Moorhouse



Time was called and real "honest-to-Gawd" bucking began, while the Round-up yell, "Let 'er buck," broke from thousands of throats. "Hook 'em, cow. Bite 'em in the lip," greeted the steer wrestlers

IT was the greatest moment of Bill's life, and Bill's life had been full of great moments. Bill hadn't had what you might call a tender bringing-up, even if a loving one. Molly, Bill's mother, was the best all-around horsewoman on the whole range where she operated, slim and wiry with kind, wide, gray eyes, very white teeth, and skin and hair the color of an Indian's. She was heard to say once of a newcomer, "She's blacker'n me," which indicates that Molly was not totally lacking in feminine self-consciousness, but she had mighty little time for it. Life was so full and she didn't want to miss anything. She never had; the babies had come along a year apart without fret or fuss—a pair of them—and had never really interfered, for she had soon taken them on the saddle before her and ridden off as usual.

Naturally, with a mother like this Bill had his great moments. He was four and "the little tiger"-three the time she stuck them into the tail of the breaking cart, telling them to hold fast while she climbed up to the high seat to manage the lines till Dave, her husband, and foreman of Lost Spring, could jerk off the blindfold from the infuriated outlaws they were breaking to drive and jump in. But Dave, heavy set and a bit slow, failed to spring quickly enough, up reared the outlaws and away they plunged, instead of standing stubbornly in one spot and kicking in usual breaking form, out through the corral gate, out into the wild desert land, lickety-split through greasewood and sagebrush, over stone patches, knolls and wind-swept hollows, tossing the springless cart this way and that like some infuriated bump-the-bumps loose in space and going, but never once turning it over, for it was

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built for just this kind of a program.

Once Molly glanced back and saw that the kiddies were holding fast with arms rigid, eyes bulging, stiff white hair on end, and feet stuck straight out of the tail of the cart; and glancing farther back she saw Dave, hands on hips, staring helplessly after them. She laughed aloud and gave her attention to the runaways, for they were heading straight for the ditch; down into it, splash through the water, up on the other side and off again. "All right, you little devils, run them!" she exclaimed, and leaning to them, she whipped the lines furiously up and down on their backs. "Go it, go it!" she yelled, looking like some ancient Boadicea in her chariot riding for her life, with her black hair streaming and the wind whipping back her loose blouse from bronzed throat and arms. "Get enough—go it!"

They got enough; they slowed down, dripping foam and frothing soap suds. Molly took another glance back; there were no children.

"The blamed kids has fell out," she exclaimed, disgustedly, and turning the now biddable team she retraced her way. At the edge of the ditch she found them, "the little tiger" piling sand, Bill sprawled on his back, kicking his legs and yelling. There was a quality in his performance Molly didn't approve of; tying her team to the head-gate—they were glad enough to stand now on any terms—she swooped down on Bill, lifted him by the ankles, and running down into the ditch, she dipped him in head first.

"Guess that'll fill your mouth with somethin' more useful than holler," she said good-naturedly as she righted him, sputtering and beating the air, and gave him his freedom.

"I gotta mountain," the "little tiger" contributed, piling more sand.

Bill's first mount had been an Alaska wolf hound, then a calf, then a hand-raised colt, and after that he rode most anything. He was companioned always by his sister, another Molly with second sight as to horses and lithe and quick—even in her babyhood getting her name from the quickness of her spring—where Bill was a bit clumsy, slow to action and not always seeking it. Another alien thing about Bill, he loved books; these latter days he never set off on a cattle drive without an old volume crowded down into his hip pocket; one he'd picked up from the bunkhouse or somewheres. It made Molly a bit uneasy. She loved Bill as only the elemental mother does her only son—but she eyed him narrowly and went silent when she saw him pull out his book, especially if a rare bit of bucking sport was going on in the corral; Bill was all right—but could it be that she was raisin' a soft 'un?

But today was Bill's great day; for it had been decided that he should go to the Round-up, the big three-days Pendleton show where the best riders and ropers gather in off all the ranges of the great Northwest—following the annual range round-up when the stock is gathered in for branding or sale—and compete in all the sports known to the open range for gorgeous Mexican saddles and purses of gold. The Lost Spring was short-handed and Dave had objected, but Molly had come out strong for Bill's going.

"Bring back a saddle, Bill," she had said, "an' I won't say another word agin your goin' to the Agricultural College next year."

Bill's eyes glowed: "You mean it, Ma? I can really go to college?"

"I ain't in the habit o' workin' my mouth for exercise; bring home a saddle, that's all."

The "little tiger" had looked up from her rata braiding, militant: "What about me?" she demanded.

"You don't need no round-up," Molly came back, enigmatically; while Dave pinched her firm, brown cheek: "I'll take you next year, Tige," he promised.

And now Bill was all ready to start; very gorgeous in a new blue flannel shirt, flaming yellow silk neckerchief, gauntlet gloves, high-heeled boots with new trousers stuck into them, silver spurs, and a silver-mounted quirt, he was every inch the buckaroo on parade. He was a good-looking youngster with the level-gazing gray eyes of his mother and a rather plump face with a dimple in his chin. The old buckaroo boss limped out of the bunkhouse and joined the others who had gathered to see him off. He'd been on the ranch since Molly herself was a baby.

"Well, I'm goin' to tell you he's some dressed up," he said proudly; "see the crease in his pants."

Bill grinned, pleased; approval from the "boss" left nothing more to be desired; then he was off. The day was opening up clear and quiet and golden, filled with the pungent odor of frost-touched sage and juniper. He touched Tempest lightly with his spurs and her hoofs struck out against the hard surface of the soda bed with a delightful thud. He was going to the Round-up—his first trip out into the world—and he was going alone. Presently he began to dream and then to sing in a high, boyish voice that occasionally broke, as an eighteen-year-old voice should break despite its owner's grown-up dress——

The Grand March - - - - - - Then came the buckaroo contestants of the range, sinewy, poised, ageless, with the look of the plains in their eyes

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Upper picture: Every horse and every rider in action as the cowboys sweep in. Right hand picture: The bucking steer wins another real battle, and the grandstand rocks with cheers

"I'm an ory-eyed devil from the wild and wooly West,
Where the rattlesnakes rattle and the buzzard builds his nest,
Where the coyote hollers and the cactus likes to grow,
Where we don't give a damn for the rain or the snow,
With a hi-yi and a hi-yi and a hi-yi-yippi-i-a-a."

As there are only some 32,000 verses extant of the old "Chisholm trail," and every on-coming buckaroo has full privilege of making more to suit himself, it is easily seen that though his trip was not short, Bill did not run out of song timber.

Five days later he rode into Pendleton, put up his horse, cleaned up and pushed his way through the crowds to the Round-up headquarters.

"What events you entering for, son?" asked the secretary, opening a big ledger. He began to read them off: "Steer roping, maverick race, relay race, bull dogging, bucking, trick riding——"

He stopped, for Bill was nodding assent to them all. "How old are you, son?" he asked.

"Eighteen."

"Well, that just lets you in; youngest entrant this year."

"Lemme see the saddles," said Bill.

The secretary took him to an adjoining room and Bill looked them over. He settled on one with acorn decorations in silver; his mother had a favorite bridle of that design. "I'll take this one," he said, solemnly, and the secretary burst into loud laughter.

"Hope you do, kid, for your nerve; that saddle goes to the winner of the wild horse race; you'll have to win the first two days to have a chance at it."

"All right, enter me for that too," said Bill, and went on out. He hadn't a thing to do now but enjoy himself.

Such a mass of people all in gay colors and laughing and calling back and forth to one another in the freedom of this great Northwest of ours where human beings are still separated by enough space in their daily habit to be friendly when they meet. Over 30,000 guests had accepted Pendleton's invitation this year, and were now just arriving, most of them arranging to bunk in tents and feed from chuck wagons in true range fashion, the regulation hotel and house accommodations having been used up early in the day, and besides they didn't want that kind. It was a cattle range carnival and they wanted to live—or pretend to live—the life of the buckaroo for three days anyhow.

As Bill meandered along he recognized riders who had worked on the Lost Spring at one time or another, now from Canyon, and Prairie, and Horseheaven and Battleground, from the Home Ranch and the Bell A, and the Sod House, and the OO, and the Dead Indian, and the Lone Bloke, and the Diamond and the Dunder and Blitzen and all the rest; and many of them remembered Bill, and all welcomed him warmly, calling out, "Hello, Bill," and to one another in the happy nomenclature of the range where there's everything in a name: "Hi, there, Poker Jim." "Seen Slim Allen?" "Hoot Gibson's in." "Buffalo Vernon's riding Bearcat." He caught the gossip concerning the horses, the famous buckers and outlaws, the tales of Rocking Horse, and Sundance, and Whistling Annie, and Brown Jug, and Corkscrew, and Angel, and Monkey Wrench, and Hot Foot, and Silver and Snake, and Long Tom—who they all agreed was the barest

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mount ever wore hair, with his way of shooting straight out into the air and coming down on all fours fit to jar a man's teeth loose. He caught from other sources that distinguished people were all about; famous financiers, world-renowned travelers and authors of real books. It was all the same to Pendleton. Nobody was barred. Even "wanted men" had come back; Till Taylor, president of the Round-up by election and sheriff of the county by common consent —the best two-gun man in the whole Northwest—had let 'em know out over the ranges that they could come back; he "wouldn't tech 'em." He was pretty busy, was Till, and he had a heart; no one could stay away—he wouldn't expect it; and the worst "bad man" was a gentleman when on his honor.

Bill liked it but he was lonesome. He wished for a pal—even for "the little tiger," who wasn't always the ideal companion of his dreams. He wandered out of the crowd and down to the tents along the river where real buckaroos were serving Bill in true style; people were eating hurriedly and rushing away, and others glancing impatiently at wrist watches. Bill looked to the sky and saw it was well past noon. He stepped up to the nearest chuck wagon, picked up a tin cup and started for the huge coffee pot, when a voice said, "Oh, please, will you serve me?"

Turning about, he looked into the prettiest face he had ever seen—would ever see, for thus it came to Bill. Her eyes were brown, oh, the softest brown, and her hair was brown, curling back from her forehead in a funny little cowlick like Maggie's—Maggie was the new range cow—and her mouth was so tender, some way—not fixed, just one kind of a mouth moulded and left to dry, but mobile, changing, and she was all flushed and excited and sparkling-eyed, like something wild—and tamed, too.

"Ma'am?" was all Bill could manage.

"It's getting late," she said with a breathless catch, and a glance at her wrist watch. "I wouldn't miss any of it for worlds! Just a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

Bill comprehended and strode straight for the big coffee pot.

"Here, you," objected the cook, "who you think's runnin' this hyah outfit?"

But Bill deliberately poured the coffee, then spiked a slab of ham sizzling in the frying pan, laid it in a sliced bun and presented his offering to the girl.

"Oh, thank you," she said, opening her purse

"Pay him," said Bill, nodding to the enraged cook, and waited on himself; he was used to cooks and their ways.

"Oh, you're in' it, aren't you?" she exclaimed, flushing up and realizing her mistake. "I might have known!" She was looking admiringly at his clothes. Then she went on talking to cover her embarrassment: "We motored over from Portland; I'm supposed to be in college this minute—I'm going to the Agricultural College this year—but I begged so hard Dad let me wait over and brought me; you see I've never seen a Round-up."

He stared in amazement, but before he could form words she was off again: "Dad's getting gas; I wonder what delays him! It is late, isn't it?"

Bill glanced again at the sky: "Lots of time," he said.

"Oh, then if you say there is, there is, for you're in it. Goodness, when I tell the girls that I talked to a real buckaroo——"

Bill began to eat. The cook threw a pail of water on the fire, making a smudge and indicating that his place of business was closed for the day. Any time an all-dressed-up young feller came cuttin in on his game——

"Let's get out of the smoke," suggested Bill, and they moved away; it made them wonderfully intimate moving out of the smoke together.

"That horrid man," flashed out the girl, "he just didn't want us there, did he? You know, I thought when I spoke it was your chuck wagon," she explained, "or I wouldn't have asked you."

"That's all right," Bill got out. He was thinking, Gee, but blue's a pretty color—funny he never noticed it before. Just then someone called "Nelly"; he looked up and saw a ponderous man coming their way. So her name was Nelly; he recalled a song one of the buckaroos was always singing about "Seeing Nelly home";—he didn't wonder.

"Oh, dear, there's Dad now, and I'm not half through my sandwich!" she exclaimed.

Could he? Dared he?

"W-wait," he faltered, tongue-tied and red of face, "'n' go out with me."

Could I? Dare I? her shining eyes said, and then everything in her shouted "I will!" But the puffing old gentleman had a substitute suggestion: "Jump in the car and come along with us," he said hospitably; and Bill accepted the invitation.

A little later, stiff with embarrassment but divinely happy, he was escorting the girl to her seat high up on the grandstand, for her Dad had stopped below to talk with some politicians. Bright colors were fluttering all about, there was a buzz of excited voices, the buckaroo band was playing the jolliest sort of a tune and the whole world was one glorious whirl. The high, cloudless blue sky, the low-lying tawny hills, the smoke-stained teepees of the Indians, the arena and the race-track all combined in a sunlit picture that burned itself into Bill's mind and would doubtless forever come back to him—with a certain shade of blue and a wonderful way brown hair had of curling back from a certain pretty forehead——

"Scratch 'em, Pete,
Don't you go to pulling leather.
Hook 'em, cow;
Bite 'em in the lip.
The white way may be O. K.
But, oh, you Round-up!
Let 'er buck!
Let 'er buck!"

Pendletonians and old Round-up fans had caught up the thing the band was playing and were now rocking it out with a swing and a go that set all the lips to humming and all the feet to tapping time. Then there came a pounding of pony hoofs and half a dozen ropers drew up before the judge's stand.

"Now I gotta go," said Bill.

The girl hastily pulled off her flaring blue tie: "Wear it—for luck," she said; and some instinct directed Bill to tear off his yellow one and make the exchange: "I'll see—if you wave it," he told her—and was gone.

Gone—on winged feet, with lightning in his limbs. Never in his life had Bill so wanted to ride—and ride, and ride, and ride! . . . with her up there looking on . . . waving his neckerchief . . . watching him—*him*. Poor old Bill, never so clever at trick riding as "the little tiger," never so good at breaking in an outlaw as his mother—but only Bill knew deep down inside that he could have excelled in all these things if he had wanted to. He had wanted other things more,

(*Cont'd on Page 72*)

Bridling an outlaw in the Wild Horse Race—a feature of the Round-up at Pendleton

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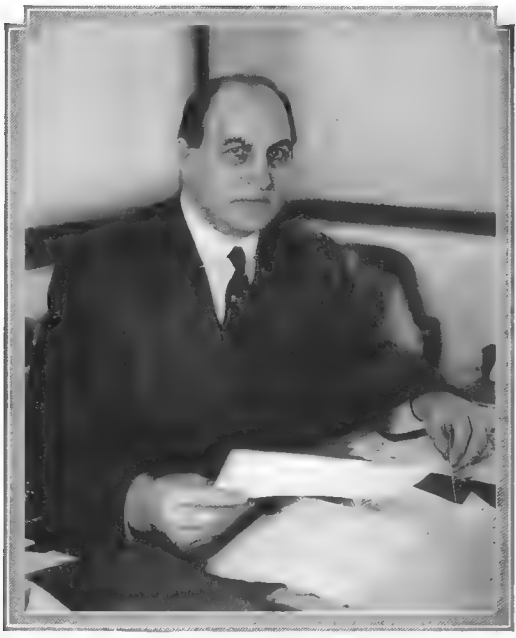

AN APPRECIATION OF JOHN MITCHELL, BY IDA M. TARBELL

I FIRST met John Mitchell ten years ago at a dinner given to him by a group of women of wealth and fashion who had just taken up "labor." There was not a question of their enthusiasm, nor their ignorance. The courtesy and gentleness with which Mr. Mitchell met their fervid and impractical suggestions, his wise and temperate counsels, his unconscious dignity, were as impressive as unusual.

He did not show a trace of that bristling, class-conscious suspicion which is so common with all of us when we find ourselves among those of different tradition and point of view.

The little scene was quite typical of John Mitchell. He was at home with anyone and anywhere when it was a question of better labor conditions. He could be, because first of all he was an honest-minded, humble, sincere and just man. The confidence and respect he won from the public, as well as from his followers, were due largely to the fact that he was a man before he was a laborer, a citizen before he was a unionist. You could not look into his grave, pale face, his big, serious eyes without realizing the strength of the passion he gave to his cause, but you could not know him without believing that he would never sacrifice manhood or citizenship for that cause.

He had a hard fight to make a man of himself. An orphan at six, self-supporting at ten, a miner at thirteen, he struggled for education as for bread, giving his nights to study as his days to labor. He seems to have been a natural leader, for he gathered the boys of his mine into an association before he was old enough to join a labor organization. He was only thirty when he handled the great anthracite strike of 1900. Today there is still celebrated in the anthracite region a holiday called "Mitchell Day," which is a recognition of the valiant services he performed in those parlous times.

The public repeatedly offered him opportunities for high political positions—once a nomination for the vice-presidency was open to him, again for the governorship of Illinois. Although he always refused such honors, he never shirked tasks of Industrial Commissions and Boards. For years he gave his time to one or another concerned with fairer compensation to workingmen, with cheaper food, with more and cheaper milk—all sorts of efforts to make life more tolerable and conditions more just for laboring folk. Indeed it was his over-exertion on such bodies that finally hastened his death—too early a death for a man so fitted by experience and temperament for service at this precise moment—not yet quite fifty.

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A great labor leader's last suggestions for the solution of the labor problem

IF I WERE A LARGE EMPLOYER

By John Mitchell

Written especially for the Red Cross Magazine by Mr. Mitchell, shortly before his death

THERE are four principal things that I would do if I were a large employer of labor:

I would establish a work-day with a maximum of eight hours, and I would reduce even that figure so far as was consistent with the demands and the natural growth of my business.

I would pay my employees a living wage.

I would recognize the right of my workmen to collective bargaining.

I would be particularly concerned with the conditions under which my employees worked.

All of my dealings with my employees would be business, pure and simple. There would be no sentiment, excepting that sentiment which is born of mutual respect and good-will. I have scant sympathy for or patience with the theory of the generous employer and the loyal workman, in the usual meaning of that phrase. I do not believe that the giving or acceptance of a job is ever a favor, and I believe that the employer or the employee who considers it such is making a big mistake.

The relationship between the employer and the employee is fundamentally and purely contractual, and should always be regarded as a business matter and not as a question of sentiment. That is the sort of relationship I should endeavor to establish and maintain if I were a large employer of labor, because I believe that it is the only basis for the success of both the employer and the workman. Of course I should try to erect on this foundation a structure of mutual goodwill and respect, but I should not try to make it appear that I was a kind and generous man merely because I gave someone a job, and I should have no use for the workman who considered that by giving him work I was doing him a favor. Such a man would not be a good workman.

The interests of the employer and the employee are not identical, and it is a mistake to assume that they are, although in late years we have heard a great deal of talk along that line. Still, they are not necessarily antagonistic. Rather, they are interdependent. The employee and the employer have mutual interest in the profitable conduct of the industry and a wide market, and in regularity of employment and opportunity. Their interests diverge at the point of division of the profits, and either may want more than his fair share.

If I were a large employer of labor I should be primarily concerned with the welfare of my workmen. I should want them to be happy, and to my mind happiness depends almost entirely upon environment. And environment, the sort that makes men happy, depends upon whether they are paid a living wage.

A living wage would be my first interest, because I think a living wage is the first demand upon any business. It is true that today there are many industries which do not pay a living wage, but one that cannot afford to do so is of no use to society. The world is better off without it.

I make a decided distinction between happiness and contentment. I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for a thoroughly contented man. I should want my men to be intelligently discontented, because that would mean that they were ambitious, and wanted to better their condition.

I should recognize the right of my employees to collective bargaining and to form unions, because I believe that the interests of both the employer and the employee are promoted through understandings arrived at between the employer and the workmen in this way. I think that I should desire this particularly because of my own experience with labor unions, and my observation of the results that have been obtained. Collective bargaining curbs the destructive element among the workmen.

Furthermore, the collective bargaining system is the only system through which the workman can be assured of justice. With such a system prevailing, a man is certain of his job so long as he does his work properly. He cannot be discharged by a foreman because of some petty personal matter that has nothing at all to do with the character of the man's work. In shops and factories where unions are not organized the workman is rarely if ever discharged by the owner of the plant; usually it is by a foreman who may have little or no real cause for his action. The owner of the plant never learns of it and the discharged man does not get a hearing. He loses his chance of livelihood, and of employment at his trade, perhaps through no fault of his own.

But under a system of collective bargaining such as I should have in my plant, if I were an employer of labor, and such as is now in operation in many industries, a man discharged has the right of appeal. Sometimes his case is heard by a committee composed of the owner or his representative and the man's fellow workmen, while in other plants a committee of workmen alone hears all cases arising from complaints about discharges. Experience, of course, would decide which of these plans would work better in a particular factory. But in so far as it gives a man the right of appeal either of them is good, because I believe that a man who has been discharged has as much right to take his case to higher authorities as the man who loses in a lower court of law has a right to appeal to a higher tribunal.

I should recognize the justice of eight hours as a maximum day's work, and if possible I should stop work in my factory at noon on Saturdays. This would be as much to my own interest as an employer as to the interest of my employees, because in the long run the production of a plant operated on an eight-hour schedule will equal, and in many cases exceed, that of a plant where the day's work is ten hours or more. After all, a man is very apt to do five dollars' worth of work for five dollars, and very little more.

I should make conditions in my factory or industrial plant as healthful and as sanitary as possible, and I should recognize the fact that conditions must be progressively improved, and such reforms instituted as are necessary to healthful development. I should install safety devices in sufficient numbers to eliminate as far as possible any chance of accident or injury.

I should have no profit-sharing system, nor should I attempt to tie my workmen to their jobs by any of the plans and devices now being suggested and practiced, such as group insurance and promises of stock, all contingent upon the workmen staying for a certain number of (*Continued on Page 77*)

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"People who live in the small town are never impressed with the fact that you are a city feller"

He has to live in the city, but he longs for

THAT OLD HOME TOWN

By "Briggs"

***Clare A. Briggs** is one of the most famous cartoonists in the country. He originated "Ain't It a Grand an' Glorious Feelin'" and "Skinnay" and lots of things that everybody knows. Also he's something of a writer as you will see. "That Old Home Town" he longs for is Reedsburg, Wisconsin, and he was born there 44 years ago.*

MY advice to those about to be born—pick out a small town every time. You will never regret it and in the later years when you have grown up you'll be able to horn into the general conversation.

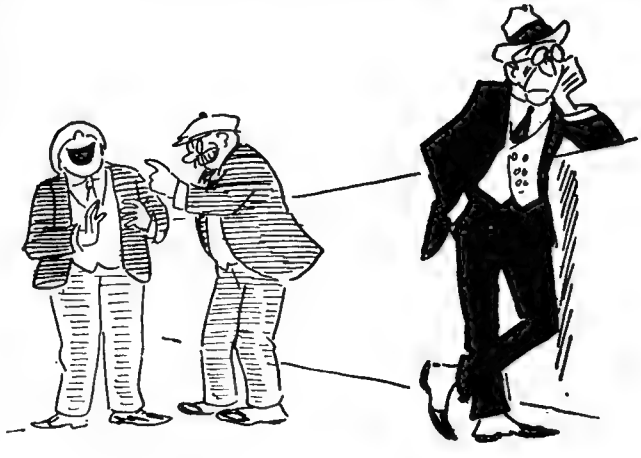
There is a sort of free-masonry about this thing of being born and bred in a small country town. Why I've seen strong grown-up men (and women too, for that matter, though it's mostly the men) go nearly dippy over the fact that they have come from the same rural locality. That's one of the ways they get acquainted and a long and lasting friendship is cemented.

Take a couple of traveling salesmen, for instance. They are both hung up in a small jerk-water station for hours waiting for the next train to take them any place in the world, just so it's away from there. There is absolutely nothing to talk about, and besides they don't feel like it. In fact neither one is particularly stuck on the other's looks. One of them, however, may have occasion to make mention of a certain town a thousand miles away—his dear old boyhood home. Can you imagine the scene that then ensues? *Answer:* You cannot unless you have experienced it yourself, the discovery that you came from the very same locality as the other fellow.

It sure makes for comradeship and two or more men from the country town can do more first-class gabbing in one evening than a like number of city-born men can put across in a year. Just coming from the same state, even, will often cause men to tear right out of their shell and tell all their past life. Coming from the same county has caused men to break their rules of conduct and cast discretion to the winds. But to find a man who came from the same burg—Oh, what a night! ! ! And what a sad spectacle is the innocent bystander of a city-man, if he has had the nerve to confess it. He may just as well go right away from there. He generally does. He is a thing apart, a pathetic figure in history.

I have given a rather facetious reason for being a small town slicker. I think to have a well-rounded and true Americanized existence, to get all there is in life before you take the famous hop-off, you ought to get out with the small-town folks. You'll feel a whole lot better for it in after years, even if you never meet another soul that came from your home town so that you could talk the matter over.

It has always seemed to me that you get nearer to folks out in the country. Everything seems to be more on the square. Everybody has a kinder word and is doing less cheating and is always glad to see you back. There is a wonderful sensation in going back to the old



"From the same burg . . . . Oh, what a night!! And what a sad spectacle is the innocent bystander of a city-born man"

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home town after you've spent weary years in the city. There's a cordial and honest welcome and grip of the hand that gives you courage to go back and continue the struggle. I wouldn't take anything for that back home welcome. It isn't a brass band welcome at all, and thank Heaven for that!

On an occasion of my returning to visit my mother, who is still living in the town of my birth, the return was most startling in its simplicity. Not that I expected any big rumpus about it, nor did I expect to be escorted to the public square to make a speech and hear addresses of welcome. I just shook the horny hands of a few of the old timers who still remembered me as "Will Briggs's boy."

No fuss about it whatsoever. I was just "Will Briggs's boy." "Now, let's see, were you the oldest? No? Oh, now I place you. Yes, yes, yes, you was born up there on the hill. The old place is still standing, too. Well, well, well, how long you going to be with us? Where are you living now? In the newspaper business, hey? Well, well, well," etc., etc., etc.

Friend Wife accompanied me and the local paper had an item that read as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Clare Briggs and daughter are here from Chicago visiting the gentleman's parent, Mrs. Ella Briggs." And that was all there was to that as a piece of news. People who live in a small country town are never visibly impressed with the fact that you come from the big city. Neither do they envy you one bit.

One of our popular paragraphers hit the nail on the head when he said in his column that "a man spends about twenty years of his early life trying to make the big city and after he succeeds he spends the next twenty years trying to get enough money saved up so he may spend his declining years back in the country." The only trouble is one seldom goes back to the simple, country life once he makes good in the city. But it is always a sweet anticipation, just as the country lad anticipates starting out in life via Wall Street, or Broadway, or Fifth Avenue.

"I've seen men go nearly dippy over the fact that they have come from the same rural locality"

"We'll have to fall back on the real honest-to-goodness sons of freedom—the folks back home"

The only conclusion one may derive from the whole matter is that it's a fifty-fifty proposition. Since we may as well admit that both the country village and the metropolis have their distinct advantages, why not arrange to spend the first twenty years, say, in the small town and the rest in the city? To you who have not concluded the first part of this arrangement, I would suggest that you start right in at once and get out into the country. To you who have been so unfortunate with a handicap of being born in the seething city, I would admonish you to begin life at once in the right way. Pick out some nice little burg and be born all over again. To be an "average American" you'll have to do it sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

You'll live longer, too. Perhaps that phase of the thing may not be an inducement to the lugubrious folk, but as a general proposition I find that an average American is going to fight and holler for his old "three-score-and-ten." And even then he likes to brag about his health and that he's just as young as he used to be, b' gosh!

But I'm telling you right now that there is precious little hope for you city-born men if you don't hook up to the country stuff as soon as you can arrange your affairs to do so. There may be a few octogenarians who have never lived out in the country, but I doubt it. There was never any city air that had life-giving qualities that I ever heard of. On the contrary, the fumes have frequently been analyzed and found to be death-giving.

One trouble living in the country is that one is deprived of viewing the shimmy dance in its native element. One may be deprived of the charms of a subway crush or the clever capers of the food profiteers. Somehow the folks up in the village post-office or the general store at the turn of the road seem to be just as happy and live just as long, and longer, for not having the "advantages" of the city.

I wish I could go back. I plead guilty to my own indictment. Like thousands of other men I am nailed down to a position from which I may not, dare not, retreat. At least it does not seem the logical thing to do yet. But I look forward to returning to the country just as a lot of other city slaves do. If I never realize this ambition of returning, at least I shall always have the satisfaction of knowing that I started right, that my life is better rounded for having myself born in the proper, and in an uplifting, atmosphere.

The city is all right and the country is all right, but taking it by and large, pro and con, fore and aft, up and down, I think the country is just a bit all righter. I've tried them both and know what I'm talking about. Of course the city has to have somebody in it to run the darn thing. And that's just the trouble with it. It won't run itself. It's got to have a lot of people in it or it won't go. It should be nothing in your life or mine but a place to go where you can get out of you the stuff that is in you. You have a talent and that must be marketed, and the city seems to be the solution. It is something like rushing into a burning building to save the child, and after you have performed that heroic deed you are glad to rush right out again and get the air. But be sure that you come out or both you and the beautiful child of your brain will perish forever from the earth.

I want to go back. I want to get the air. I want to see folks and talk things over and see if we can't get the country back to its old basis again. The city folks don't seem to be able to do it, and Lord knows they have tried. This country of ours started right before there were any big cities and it was the country folks that did it. The more city folks monkey with the government, the worse it gets. There sure is something wrong and we'll have to fall back on the real and honest-to-goodness sons of freedom, the folks back home. I'll say we will.

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WHAT are you doing to make life safer? Have you stopped to consider the staggering toll carelessness takes every day? Don't you want to hasten the time when accidents and menaces to health are reduced to the lowest possible figures? You do? Then read this.

SOWING SEEDS OF SAFETY—

By Frazier Hunt

IT all struck me as a piece of warm, pulsing romance—this thing that's happening to the school children of St. Louis. It wasn't so very long ago that I'd thought the only real, dashing romance in the world had to do with wars and trench raids and killing people, but St. Louis in a day taught me that there's something finer and more thrilling and bigger in the saving of people: and the finest part of all this great romance of saving is the way that the children in this City of the Mississippi are being moulded into crusaders of Safety in their schools as a part of their daily study.

The first place that I ran plump into this St. Louis brand of Romance was over in the Coroner's office in the City Hall. Dr. Vitt, the coroner, was out, so I settled my feet on his assistant's desk and talked with him

"How about the time those kids from the Wyman grammar school came over here to attend some inquest or other?" I asked, referring to vague rumors I had heard of a kid story.

The assistant's tilted chair settled to the floor with a bang and his eyes lit up. He was jammed full of the story.

"Great stuff, that was," he said. "Honestly, you couldn't hardly believe it; a little boy stealing a hop on a street car and killed; an ordinary investigation, inquest and coroner's jury—ordinary in everything except that there was a special Safety Committee of four boys from this school listening to the testimony and making their notes and reporting back to the 2,300 pupils in their school just how the poor lad was killed and how it could have been prevented."

This man whose business it is to touch hands with so much that is terrible and gruesome and heartbreaking was speaking with great earnestness. "Say, it was just like a special jury sitting on us and the trial and the whole business; boy jurymen seriously considering death and how they could help keep just some such thing from happening to their own playmates. They wrote a report of the thing and read it in every room of their whole school. Maybe I got a copy of it here—wait a minute."

He dug around in the drawers of his desk and pretty soon pulled out a hand-written sheet and tossed it over to me. It was in the careful round hand of a schoolboy and signed "Jack Dierberger,"

FIGHT AGAINST THE

FRAZIER HUNT'S graphic account of work and education for safety in St. Louis is only an exhibit of the country-wide-campaign for saving lives and preventing injuries. Our total casualties in the war were about 300,000.

Of this number there were about 65,000 deaths. In the same time the casualties of peace from accidents and injury here at home were over two millions, and resulted in over 100,000 deaths. And these in spite of the wonderful practical work and educa-

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REAPING CROPS OF LIVES

Decoration by T. M. Bevans

CASUALTIES OF PEACE

tional work done by the National Safety Association in the last decade. This resulted in a reduction of accidents on many railroads to 75 per cent., and in many great industrial plants the per cent. of reduction has been as large.

This makes it clear why the new generation, the children, must be brought into this campaign. And this article gives a stirring account of the fine, serious way in which this problem has been taken up by the youth in one of our great cities.

and it was so simple and direct and telling that I'm going to copy it here:

"Last Friday we received an invitation to attend a coroner's inquest at the Municipal Courts Building, on 14th and Market Streets, three boys, Miss Ryffel, and I.

"The coroner met us at the door. He then led us through several small rooms. In these rooms, he said, are held the small cases, not important enough to be held in the coroner's inquest room. He then took us to the coroner's inquest room.

"'But what is the coroner's inquest?' you will ask. It is the investigation into sudden deaths, such as murders and accidental deaths, where there is no doctor present.

"The case then began. The coroner took his seat behind a large desk. Then the jury took their seats. One gentleman read the case to the jury. It read like this: 'This is the case of Cletus A. Duval, thirteen years old, who was dragged seven blocks by a street car. The boy had his skull fractured, one arm and both legs cut off.' Then two boys testified. One said that he and Duval were going to the show. Duval said, 'I will take another ride before we go to the show.' He then clung to the bars of the window with his feet dangling. The boy saw Duval dragged under, and ran and got his cap, and told Duval's mother. One other man said he saw the body under the car and ran and told the motorman that he had run over somebody. The boy died two hours later. The conductor of the trailer testified. He said he did not see the boy, but the boys in the neighborhood were in the habit of riding cars.

"Many of you in this room may not have realized how dangerous it is to hop trailers. We four boys have learned by hearing this case the cost of this dangerous fun. Won't you join us in fighting this practice, by not doing it yourselves and helping others not to do it?"

This was in a coroner's office filled with the ghosts of crime and misfortune and friendless chance, and steeped with the cruel things of a world of men. Here in the heart of all that was terrible and terrifying in the city was something new and clean and fine—children trying to

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learn how to save the lives of children.

"You wouldn't hardly believe how much accidents have fallen off in this city just the last year since they started working this safety idea with the children," went on the coroner's aid. "By the way, did you hear about our Safety Week last spring? Well, they tried to run the old town through a whole seven days without an accident, working the thing through the kids and the homes. And it sounds like press stuff, but we got through the whole week with only one accident—and we wouldn't have had that one if some old codger hadn't fallen off a beer wagon and broken his leg. Just the week before there'd been ten accidents and the corresponding week of the previous year there'd been twenty-

They learn First Aid methods, and they learn too that cities are better off with unclean and unhealthy Alleys eliminated

four. It was the kids that brought it down, too. . . . Say, what you want to do is to get the story of the Wyman School and the way they're teaching this safety stuff to the kids right in the class rooms."

I did get this story of the Wyman School and that's where I felt the real living pulse of this romantic thing happening in St. Louis that I'm harping about. It was modern education to the *nth* degree. It was making school count for something definite that you could put your hand on. It was a lesson within a lesson. One day a week the Safety idea was injected into every phase of the teaching. It was injected so cleverly and sanely that the individual subject lesson lost nothing, while the pupil gained some valuable new idea of the necessity for safety and security of life. It was a vivid, useful dramatization of the old-fashioned, fundamental 3 R's.

I first looked in at the Seventh Grade during the hour of the arithmetic lesson. If arithmetic can be screwed around so that a lesson in safety can be combined with a lesson in percentage and addition and subtraction, then the great and necessary revolution in education has really arrived, I thought. Frankly, I was very skeptical of what I would find.

At a blackboard the teacher was writing out some arithmetic problems that the pupils were solving. I glanced down them—and my skepticism vanished. Here were the problems in Safety-Arithmetic that I saw:

1. The number of deaths by accidents in St. Louis in 1916 was 525, in 1918 the number was 420 How much was the number decreased in 1918? What was the per cent. of decrease? To what was the decrease due?

2. There were 510 people killed by accident in St. Louis in 1917; 75 of these were children under ten years of age; 48 were from ten to twenty years. What number beyond the age of twenty were killed in 1917. What per cent. were beyond twenty years of age? Can the school help to decrease the number? How? Can you help?

3. 10,500 children under ten years of age were killed, by accident, in the United States in 1916. If this number can be decreased by ten per cent. in 1919, how many would be saved?

4. If 69,000 United States soldiers were killed or died in Europe during the nineteen months of the war, and 12,000 were killed by accident in the United States, what was the ratio of those killed or died in Europe to those killed in the United States?

Learning percentage in terms of human life! Romance of education and

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safety! And any pedagogue will tell you these are good arithmetic problems, too; and the real answers to them are that some 200,000 school children of St. Louis will run about a 90 per cent. better chance of going through life without accident or foolish mistake.

The classes in English and grammar came next. I wondered what surprises would be in store for me here: I found even bigger ones than I had dreamed of. In this same Seventh Grade the pupils were reading accounts of accidents from newspaper and magazine clippings that they had brought from their homes. There was excellent practice in oral reading and lively discussion as to the respective merits of the different extracts read. The ones that were voted to be the best were carefully put away in scrap books that were being kept for future use. Unconsciously this idea of the value of life and the way to protect it was being drilled into the minds

of these hundreds of children at the time when impressions were the keenest and most lasting.

I asked to see some of the younger pupils and in the Fourth Grade I found one group taking a Safety-composition lesson on municipal affairs of St. Louis. These questions were written on the blackboard for the children to answer:

1. Why does St. Louis spend money for traffic policemen, safety zones and safety zone posts?
2. Why does the city send out health bulletins to the people?
3. Why is the water taken from the river twelve miles above the city?
4. Explain why St. Louis is laying out playgrounds all over the city.

Making citizens—that's what they were doing here.

I went to one of the third grade rooms and an upstanding boy from the Eighth Grade was giving a little safety talk to these nine and ten year old children, on the casualty list of war as compared with the casualty list of accidents. A stenographer took down exactly what he said. I'm going to quote it here:

"Do you read the newspapers? Have you noticed how many accidents happen daily that might have been avoided? Not one day passes but what someone is either seriously hurt or meets death simply through carelessness. We used to think that accidents were necessary, but now we know that it is not only possible to prevent them, but it is our duty to do so wherever it is possible.

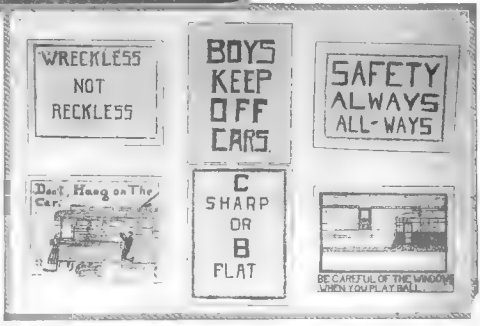
"Someone might ask, 'What can I do?' 'How can I help to promote safety?' Your teachers have given you safety rules which you should follow. Knowing them is not enough. You must use them. If the simple rule, ALWAYS BE CAREFUL, be followed on the street, in the home, and at school, what a number of accidents might be avoided. We should be constantly on the alert, not only in regard to our safety, but in regard to the safety of others.

"I am afraid some of us do not realize how important this safety movement really is. Let me quote you some statistics to prove to you the seriousness of this matter. We think that the number of deaths in our army was great. Yes, it was great, sixty thousand. But think of it; in the year nineteen hundred seventeen, seventy-five thousand lost their lives through accident. Fifteen thousand more than in this great war. It is also estimated that one out of every eight persons in the United States is injured yearly. And when we know that war's casualties were necessary, while those accidents were not, will we sit by without an effort to reduce that number? Think of your own family? Would you want one of them crippled for life, possibly through your negligence? It is a fact that the greatest number of accidents occur in the home and on the street. Out of twenty-nine thousand accidents in Chicago, fifteen thousand occurred in the home.

"Thousands of others will meet a similar fate unless we all unite to help free the country of unavoidable accidents. By the combined efforts of men, women and children we won this war on autocracy. By the combined efforts of all of us, we shall win this great war on accidents."

In another Third Grade room the

Between practising at putting out burning clothing and writing their own slogans, the children are surely kept busy



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children were giving a little safety play that they had written themselves. It had to do with the dangers of crossing a street without watching both the traffic policeman and the automobiles. There was first a street scene and then a second act laid in a hospital, with the little injured boy getting well—proving that even children like their drama to have happy endings.

In another room I saw a series of pantomimes, proving the value of the safety idea in the daily life of the children. One of the pupils would explain the plays as they were acted out. They covered a wide range, from swatting the fly to treatment of slight injuries.

It was all thrilling and absorbing—but somehow I couldn't entirely be convinced. I thought of the drawing lesson. How could they combine the safety idea with drawing? I found out.

In the Eighth Grade the pupils were designing a series of posters, buttons, pennants, slogans, etc., to advertise accident prevention throughout the school. Here are a few of the ones they were doing that morning I was there:

A drawing of an American flag with the slogan: "Make it stand for Safety."

Slogan: "One man at work is worth two in a Hospital."

Slogan: "Any Fool can be Careless."

That was the Eighth Grade, but it was down in the Primary rooms that I found the big thrill. One of the teachers here was having her children build a model city of paper houses. There were hospitals, fire stations, police stations, etc. It was a model city—except at the very end it was noticed that there were no alleys.

"You have forgotten to put in any alleys," the teacher announced with great seriousness. "What do you think we can do?"

There was no reply for a moment and then one little girl stuck up her hand. "Let's don't have any alleys in our model city," she pleaded, "they're always dirty and never very safe anyway."

Come down to St. Louis, ye city planners of little faith!

I was almost convinced by this time, but there was still one subject that puzzled me. How in the world could they inject the safety idea into a geography lesson? My guide led the way to the Fifth Grade and I found the answer there. The lesson had to do with safety devices used by the Government on the coasts. Articles were read, giving descriptions of wrecks and full accounts of lightships, life-saving stations and so on. Drawings were made of the Lyle coast gun, breeches buoy, lifeboat, life boat carriage, and all the equipment of a life-saving station, and the pupils had to explain just how a rescue was made. Bringing geography home and making it intensely interesting and valuable! Every child alert and interested! And always human life and its priceless value in the background.

Every Friday every child in St. Louis has these valuable lessons in safety. And although the whole idea is only a year old, it is spreading like wildfire throughout the whole country. A dozen great cities are trying it out this school year and before another year turns around ten million school children of America will be benefiting by it. And it grew up almost by chance.

A year ago in planning the Safety First Week for St. Louis, C. W. Price, of the National Safety Council, worked with the public schools in getting the idea of an "accidentless" week home through the children. It was so successful that Mr. Price presented the basic idea that safety is a teachable subject to Dr. John W. Withers, superintendent of the St. Louis public schools.

Dr. Withers was a sympathetic listener and requested that the plan be presented to Dr. E. George Payne, principal of the Harris' Teachers College, who directs all new study problems of the public schools through the teachers college, in conjunction with the Wyman Grammar School. Dr. Payne was instantly awake to the possibilities of the idea and set to work to experiment. Little by little he developed the idea of injecting the safety idea once a week into the regular lessons. By the end of the school year he had a formal plan worked out and successfully operating. In connection with the class work, there was also conceived a children's Safety Committee in each room and a School Safety Council, all to help prevent accidents.

Coming back from heart-broken, war-sick Europe, it was like a breath of fragrant spring air to me. I was in another world—our own incomparable world—America.

A gong sounded. The school day was over. There was the happy bustle of children closing books and going to play.

I slipped out the big building and crossed the street. It was a busy spot with teams and street cars and motors going by. Unconsciously I turned and looked back at the great school building that has been blazing the trail for all America.

A long file of primary children was marching out in a column of twos, holding hands. At their head was a manly little fellow of thirteen, from a higher grade. At the sidewalk he halted them and stepped out in the middle of the street, his right hand raised to hold up the traffic. When it was clear he motioned for the file of children to march by. It was a serious business with him—he was guarding lives.

A big Irish truck driver was chuckling on the high seat of his wagon. He was chuckling, but he was obeying that stop signal just as if the right hand had been that of a traffic policeman. He saw the questioning look on my face and grinned down at me.

"The lad's there, ain't he?" he smiled. "The kid does that every night. Usually there's a traffic cop here, but once in a while he gets called off and then the boy runs the show."

The boy cop swung his right hand forward and held up his left. The file of children broke and stood fast; the teams and cars moved past. No traffic policeman could have done better than this thirteen year old representative of the school's Safety Council.

Romance? I should say it was.

"MAYBE"

By Gertrude Lincoln

MAYBE you laugh when a person you love
Hurts you and makes you afraid;
Maybe you fancy it's wasting your time
To think of the enemies made;
Maybe you say when you're beaten to earth,
You *could* try again, but you won't;
Maybe you think it's a pretty mean life,
Maybe you do,—but I don't!

Maybe you cringe when somebody says
You're not worth the job that you hold;
Maybe you think you have failed just because
You never have garnered much gold;
Maybe you hoped that others would help—
And lose all your hope when they won't;
Maybe you think it is useless to strive,
Maybe you do,—but I don't.

Maybe you don't ever go to your pal
And tell him he's helped you a lot;
Maybe you never can see what it means
To think there is hope when there's not;
Maybe you don't thank your God every day
For the friends He has given to you;
Maybe you don't think they're worth all the world,
Maybe you don't,—but I do!

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A preacher who loves America points the way and

CLEVELAND GOES ON AN ADVENTURE

By Francis R. Bellamy

The Rev. Joel Hayden, a "small brown-faced American," and the Woodland Avenue Church as it was when he took it two years ago

ONCE in a blue moon you find a man whose life means something—and whose story, therefore, means something. This is such a story. Judge for yourself.

One night, eight years ago, the Imperial Austrian Eisenbahn's night train paused at a dimly lit, frame station in the foothills of the Carpathian mountains and a man and a woman alighted from a third class carriage. Seen in the starlight, with a little aid from the shadow barred glow of the train, they both appeared rather young, perhaps twenty-five, and well built rather than tall. Their bags and steamer rugs, which the man carried, and the cut of their clothes proclaimed them foreign to the town of Limonowa if not to all of Austrian Poland.

Before them in the darkness lay a dim, whitewashed, gable roofed village overshadowed by mountains which leaned on the stars. It was half-past ten. Across the square, one feeble light burned in a window. Thither they directed their steps and knocked.

A low door opened in response and a rough voice in-

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vited them in. They stepped into a stone floored, low ceilinged room, lit by two candles and an oil lamp whose light made clear a greasy bar, a background of bottles and a pile of straw in the corner. From it a drunken peasant blinked at them dully, while by the bar three women with frowzy hair and yellow singlepiece gowns added their stares to that of the host, a black mustached fellow in yellow homespun.

"The Herr Commissaire, eh?" this latter repeated. "But that is far! And it is late! Why not stay here for the night?"

To make plain the invitation he closed the door and placed his back against it. The titters of the harpies ceased abruptly. The drunken giant arose craftily from the straw.

In the uncertain light the eyes of the newcomer flashed and he dropped his two bags. Of a sudden he looked decidedly thick and muscular.

"Pick up those bags!" he said curtly. "And lead me to the house of the Commissaire!"

An instant's pregnant silence. Then the peasant bent down and took hold of the bags.

"This way," he muttered sullenly.

And he led the way silently out into the darkness. Lights ahead set his tongue in action at last.

"The Commissaire's," he announced. He crunched up a garden path and knocked on a door with a fist of iron. "Guests, Herr Commissaire," he roared, "strangers to see you!"

Lights moved inside and the door opened.

"Be silent!" said a harsh voice. "I expect no guests."

"Only you have some!" exclamed the newcomer. unexpectedly. And he elbowed the peasant aside so the woman could enter, and then followed himself past the surprised Commissary. In the lamplit parlor he confronted the red faced Austrian. His face was plain in the light now, and he stood revealed a brown faced young American, with a dark eyed girl beside him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "But my name is Hayden and this is my wife. We arrived from Vienna this evening and fell into a den by the station. I have used your title to get clear of the thieves. Will you be so good as to direct us to the hotel?"

It was a frank statement. But for some reason it did not seem to find favor with the Commissary. His eyes grew still narrower.

"May I ask what your business is in Limonowa?" he inquired.

"My business!" Hayden repeated. "Why, I am a student from New York with a fellowship in Europe to study conditions and people before going into the church in America."

The face of the Commissary hardened.

"Well, we want no students of people and conditions in Austria" he said shortly. "You will find a hotel by the station. You will find a clerk at the Bureau in the morning who will answer your questions. Good evening!"

And they had to go, perforce.

USE YOUR CHURCHES!

"I believe," says Joel Hayden, "that we Christians should use our churches everywhere to educate and sustain all those leaders who are working for industrial democracy, for educational freedom and social democracy. The teachings of Jesus put human rights far above any material or property rights. It is the duty of our churches to carry out that teaching fearlessly, judging all questions of industry on the basis of human service—of Christianity."

That was Joel Hayden's introduction to Silesia eight years ago.

It was a curious combination of chance and friendship, too, which had led him into the Carpathian village with its cross-crowned heights—a combination which had had its beginnings way back in Oberlin, Ohio, years before.

As a student at the freshwater college Hayden had roomed with a chap whose ideal was pioneering.

"Joe," said his roommate one night, "you and I are always talking about pioneering. Why don't you drop your law cases for a couple of days and come hear a new kind of pioneer talk?"

Two days later, at Niagara, Hayden heard that talk. He heard Robert Speer talk on the kind of pioneer a real minister would have to be in this new day and age. He was nineteen then—enthusiastic, idealistic, with the dreams of youth. And the thing rather fired him—fired him sufficiently to stay, at any rate, and find out what it was all about. When he left Niagara, three days later, he didn't realize it, but the whole course of his life had been changed. He had decided to be a minister.

When he came back to Lebanon, his home town, he told his father about his decision. His father didn't say anything. He merely put him to work with the Pennsylvania Steel Company to help pay for his education.

So for a summer he pounded old boilers with a hammer to get off the rust inside. Then he went back to Oberlin for two years. But inside him was still the dream—grown even grander despite the boilers! By the time he started for New York in the fall and the seminary on Morningside Heights, indeed it had taken the form of a resolve to secure a minister's education and take a country church, retire from the world, and think and study and meditate, and when he had everything solved, to burst on the world and tell them about it!

At first the panorama of New York's misery and wealth and swirl and storm passed him right by. Then the necessity came of earning a little money to help out on tuition and books. A church down in Greenwich village needed assistance during the winter and offered him forty dollars a month. Part of his work was with a group of boys—Irish kids, smart, street gamins, and full of animal spirits and love of excitement.

He had to plain rough-house at first. The boys were chockfull of energy and they had to work it off. So he wrestled with them and taught them to box and staged all kinds of athletic contests. He had to enter them all himself, of course—and he wasn't a whole lot bigger than some of the boys. So there was many a night when he went home tired out and all in from plain exercise.

But it was a new world to him, that gang of toughs! The boys were real Manhattanites—and they didn't want theology. In fact all they did want was trouble!

He began his study of human character right there.

He went home to his room and he and his roommate had one of their endless discussions.

"We've got to get more in contact with people," he lectured his friend, with the tremendous seriousness of youth. "These theological studies are all right, but you've got to understand life and people or they're meaningless."

Just how he was going to reconcile that with a retreat in a country manse didn't bother him then, because by this time there was another reason for that country church. A reason spelled in four letters. G-i-r-l! He wanted to get married, and he had found somebody with the same idea! The picture he was really painting of that quiet country manse was one of summer nights and honeysuckle on the porch.

That was a dream he was never to realize, however. His friend killed it. The last year at the seminary he won the Seminary fellowship for work abroad, and Hayden was runner up, which meant he got second choice. A fellowship meant two years' study abroad in England and Scotland or the German universities, or the practical working fellowship offered by the Presbyterian Church among the Slavic nationalities and those eastern European groups from which most of our immigrants come.

In their little room on Morningside Heights they sat up until three o'clock, talking the thing over. His roommate was going to take a Presbyterian scholarship, preparatory to immigrant work, and he wanted Hayden to come along with him. Together they would tramp and live and work over eastern Europe, getting a line on the conditions from which the immigrants came, among whom they would have to work afterward.

They talked the whole thing over from every angle for hours. Then Hayden arose.

"Well," he said, "it's up to the future Mrs. Hayden, that's all. We are going

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to be married this summer. She's even got the curtains all picked out and hemmed! If she's game to go and chance it, I'm your man."

He had given up his country church forever.

Three months later they started for Europe—and there was a Mrs. Hayden along. She had decided to 'chance it'!

What a rosy dream that trip looked to them as they started off, Trieste first and then Serbia and the Slovene country. Can you picture them? His friend over six feet, Hayden like a boy beside him—he's not tall—and his wife between them all agog! And all three of them full of youth and ideals and dreams, and Hayden personally nineteen-twentieths theology and book knowledge.

What a sight for the Gods of Irony who ruled then in peasant Europe!

The men in the Presbyterian Church who had sent them were real statesmen. They hadn't told them to learn any one thing—they hadn't stressed any condition or result! They had just realized their youthful, theological condition, and put them out into reality for a year. And they dropped like sponges into the basic conditions of the war of 1914.

Their real object, as I have stated, was to get into touch with the proletariat and the peasantry, the classes from which our immigrants mainly come. There seemed to be only one way in which to accomplish this and that was by actually living with them. In no other way could a real insight into their ideals and minds be gotten.

So Hayden and his wife began it at the town of Limonowa. The clerk of the Labor Bureau happened to be a Russian and he invited them into his tiny three room house, moved his family into the kitchen, and made their beds for them in the living-room.

He was a professor from the University of Kieff, who, because he had once signed a petition to the Czar asking for justice, had been deprived of his seven years' credits at Kieff, dispossessed of his small fortune and driven from Russia.

To Hayden's explanation of his errand he listened with incredulity. Churches did not wish to help anybody, he knew, except for a selfish reason. His life had taught him that. The Russian church was part of the state, part of the system of oppression and exploitation, its clergy of the landowning Junker persuasion, its object perpetuation of power. Did Hayden's church send him over to begin the work of enslavement even before the immigrant had arrived in America?

It took Hayden three weeks to convince that intelligent professor that his church was not concerned with political, industrial or selfish ends—that it was not devoted to the forwarding of an idea. It was some job for a young divinity student. But by the time he was through, he was a considerably clearer man in his own mind. Also, he was a considerably graver man.

Nor did the thing end there. In the town of Limonowa were many returned laborers from America. The professor, only half convinced, proposed securing their testimony. The result was disastrous. Most of the men had worked for great corporations, usually as laborers. They had come over foreigners and had departed foreigners. The church to them was for the American bosses, just as it was in Silesia for the Junkers. Democracy was the phrase the steamship agents used. That was all. . . .

For the first time Hayden realized that he was talking as a human being with the actual foreigner who was doing the hard work of America.

He spent three months in Limonowa. And then his wanderings began. He could talk the language somewhat now, and he made the most of it. He lived in tenements in the cities, and in hovels in the country; he frequented the churches, the socialist halls, the village inns. He associated with families who never wore shoes or stockings except to church and then only put them on before the cathedral doors. He sang the folksongs, and listened to the traditions of the peasants. He gathered all the sweep of paganism and mysticism, of ignorance and orthodoxy that made up the religious life of the people. He watched at night for the Witches' Dance on the hills above Cracow, he attended the festivals at the sacred villages, he bowed before the carved Madonnas of the vaulted cathedrals.

In a word, he felt the pulse of Europe's working world. And he found out a good many things he had never dreamed of back in the days at Oberlin. He found the liberalism and progress of eastern Europe lay in the labor groups. He found the only men who believed in his mission to be the different socialist groups. He received his only help in getting at the facts from the forces of social democracy. Church and state and so-called society looked on both his efforts and his ideas with disfavor—to put it mildly.

He found the landed aristocracy, the landed orthodox churches, the industrial Junkers and the militaristic nobility of Russia, Germany and Austria a unit, regardless of nationality. He found all that incredible intolerance with which we are familiar through the story of the Russian revolution and the revelations

A street scene in the district which the Woodland Church serves It is with such children as these and their parents that Joel Hayden finds his work lies

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concerning Germany's Junkers and the Magyar oppression. In a phrase, he found the root causes which have produced that bitter intolerance known today as Bolshevism.

He landed in New York a year later, a thoroughly disillusioned man where religious work among our immigrants was concerned, and with the theology of his seminary a pretty poor second to his knowledge of human character. But he was brown, hard as nails, and he saw his job as it was.

Meanwhile, he had been appointed assistant pastor in a church in the Polish section of Baltimore. So he and his wife took up their residence there and started on the long trail. He learned a good deal in Baltimore. In the first place, he was under one of the best ministers in the country where social work was concerned, the Rev. Paul Fox. In the second, he had the actual work to do himself. He got to know the immigrant in all his stages from alien to citizen. And he got to know him personally.

For three years Hayden held down the job in Baltimore, widening his acquaintance in every way, making country-wide surveys, doing social work and civic work, steadily increasing his knowledge of the immigrant. And with every passing day, the conviction grew stronger in his mind. America would have to be interpreted to the foreigner of today in terms of human contact, if ever our new population was to become either American or Christian. He had grasped the first half of his problem.

Then one night came a letter from the Presbyterian Board in Cleveland. It contained a summons to a church in that city—a church of his own! Hayden and his wife hardly familiarized themselves with the kind of the church or the size of the church or the sacrifices they might have to make, or—or with anything, in fact. The church was a mission church, the letter stated, in an immigrant section! And it was to be Hayden's! After all the years since Oberlin! He accepted before morning. He was going to have his chance.

Now if you are like most of the people I know your conception of Cleveland is about twenty years outworn. I mean humanly speaking, not from the industrial standpoint. There is a statue of a man on the public square in Cleveland that typifies that conception. On the base of it is written:

And ever with his eye set on the goal,
The vision of a city with a soul!

Tom Johnson is a tradition in Cleveland, a man of great open heart, a two-fisted man, a fighter, with his political roots in thousands of homes, in the old Haymarket as well as on Euclid Avenue—a democrat, a man who said to all, rich and poor, "Come on, boys, come up to my house and we'll talk it over!"

But he is only a tradition. There is no leadership like that in Cleveland today. Not in a civic sense. There is plenty of industrial leadership. Cleveland is a city of many and diversified industries, overshadowed by none unless it be steel. It has great automobile plants, great clothing plants, great steel mills—the roster is endless. The city is like a huge spider, sprawling on the shore of Lake Erie. You can ride for an hour on the street car in any direction—except the lake!—and not leave Cleveland. It is a city of homes, thirty-five per cent. owned by their occupants. It is a rich city, a liberal city. It gave ten million dollars to its Victory Chest recently. It has gone over the top easily and splendidly in all such drives as Red Cross, Liberty Loan and so forth. It is a city of great possibilities.

But it is not the Cleveland that Tom Johnson knew. The great new foreign population of Cleveland has come since his day. The city he knew contained perhaps five hundred thousand people. Today it has over a million. The increase is mostly foreign. Reliable figures say that over eighty per cent. of Cleveland is either foreign born or of foreign parentage.

What is more, much of well-to-do, American Cleveland has left town. It has established itself out on Euclid Heights and Shaker Heights, one of the largest exclusive residential sections in the country. It no longer has any human connection with its old haunts. The Cleveland you would visit knows nothing of its new inhabitants, except as a topic of conversation at Chamber of Commerce luncheons or when the superintendent of one of the factories enters the manager's office to tell him a bunch of the men are outside. So the foreigner lives by himself, and for himself.

For all intents and purposes, this was the Cleveland that Joel Hayden entered two years ago, to take up his first church.

If you had gone with him out Woodland Avenue and gotten off the car at Forty-sixth street, on that first morning, you would have seen before you a great, dark stone barn of a building whose aspect might not have given you any too cheerful forebodings. Toward Fifty-fifth street stretched a miniature Ghetto, the Yiddish signs, the Yiddish faces, the Yiddish stores all bespeaking Zion. On the steps before the doors sat a motley assemblage of negroes and Italians, spitting on the littered sidewalk. All up and down the Avenue lounged the foreigner, staring at movie signs, at clothing sales, at sample shoes, at rag peddlers' pushcarts, quickening his pace only when he passed the church building, where nothing of interest lay.

Twenty-five years before the scene had been different. Beautiful residences then, these tenements, shadowed by stately elms. Lawns and gardens, these crowded yards filled with rickety shacks. And filled to overflowing of a Sunday the pews of this church with the social leaders of Cleveland and their families.

On that morning two years ago, however, you might have with reason called it America's last stand against the foreigner—and not been so far from the truth. Only to a Hayden could it have appeared as the scene of a great venture.

To him, nevertheless, on that morning, I think it presented itself simply as the place where he could have an opportunity at last to do the work for which he had been put into the world. The endless rooms of the church, the great auditorium, the foreign world at the doors—all appeared as merely so many signs of the greatness of the success he could achieve if he labored greatly—and not in the least as so many evidences of a dwindling congregation, in an outworn building, in a

(*Continued on Page* 78)

IDA TARBELL'S NEW BUSINESS ARTICLES

MISS IDA M. TARBELL, one of the most distinguished women in America, is a member of the staff of writers for THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE. Miss Tarbell during the past few years has traveled all over America and has talked to large audiences in almost every state in the Union.

Everywhere she has rubbed elbows with the real American people and has enriched her already great equipment with an acquaintance and understanding that very few writers have. Everywhere she has come in contact with business men and the representatives of industry, with the best of those concerned with the problems of labor, as leaders and as workers.

Out of this experience she is to write a series of articles for this magazine, actual stories of business and industry, pointing as evidences of the increasing goodwill growing in America in this troubled and difficult field of human relations. These stories will be a worthy successor to her distinguished book, "New Ideals in Business," which contained a record of earlier experiments and activities.

Such a writer who has the friendly acquaintance of a large number of great business men and employers, whose work at the same time has been acceptable to the great labor leaders, will be of interest to readers everywhere, and surely furnish both suggestive examples and inspiration for all who are trying to keep peace in the industrial world and secure a fair distribution of the means of happiness and content.

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THE MARCH of the RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; each month's chapter based on recent cables, letters, and reports of workers in many parts of the world

AMERICA, at this moment, has need of every ounce of steadiness, of every bit of social aid and counsel, of all the sweet reasonableness of human character and co-operation there is in her, if we are to gain the high ground of tolerance and happiness we once knew. War's scorching breath has left behind it dissension and passionate unrest, industrial bitterness and acrid disagreement—a heritage of menace whose rancour fills our ears and souls, disruptive of our very society itself. Amid the welter, almost alone, the Red Cross seems still to stand, as symbolic today of that spirit of sacrifice and co-operation, of love and charity as in the days of highest endeavor.

And yet at this hour, the Red Cross faces a critical hour in its career as much as do any others of our social institutions. Let us not blind ourselves to grim facts, staring at the glories of the past, while the Red Cross stands in need of help.

The Red Cross calls today for a million workers!

Why?

Specifically, of course, for the Third Red Cross Roll Call. From November 2nd until November 11th, the anniversary of Armistice Day, the Red Cross through these million workers will call on every American face to face, asking him to renew his membership and to pledge once more his allegiance to the "Greatest Mother in the World." Red Cross Sunday Services, window displays, quotas, committees, membership buttons, posters, campaigns in factory districts, in business districts, in residence sections—all will be the same as when the white clad hosts of the women of America marched in our streets two years ago, proclaiming their belief in the holy dream of democracy.

But do not make the mistake of thinking this to be merely one more campaign, a kind of valedictory of the past This is not just one more campaign. Back of this Roll Call lies the question of the continuance of the American Red Cross as a vital force in American affairs. It is not enough for America to say in this campaign, "Well done, Faithful Servant!" The Red Cross cannot rest content upon its laurels. It cannot sink once more to the level of an adjunct of the government, serving an enlarged army and navy, ready merely for disasters. It must go on. And it must go on in no half-hearted manner

Before it, at this moment, lies the field of public health, with all its complex problems—problems directly affecting you and me. We cannot build the safeguards of public health by some miraculous pronouncement. For twenty years devoted groups of people in different cities and towns have been carrying on the fight against tuberculosis, against cancer, against ills of the flesh, struggling to better social conditions, to push on child welfare. Due to these people are all the laws and progress we have made. Today these different movements must be supported, must be co-ordinated, and brought together if America is to be made a better place to live in—if the fight against misery and disease is to be effectively carried on.

Few states in this country have health laws which even begin to be adequate. Everywhere the fight has been a local one, a struggle of states, of municipalities, of towns. Nowhere has there been any of the tremendous advantage that comes from a nation-wide organization which can advise, can discover, can arouse public opinion, and can point out a specific plan of campaign. The Red Cross has already entered upon a campaign to change all this in the great programme it has undertaken for the adequate development of the visiting nurse —the foundation of all modern health movements—and in the plan it is furthering by which every woman in America, through classes, schools and clubs, will be offered instruction in home sanitation, hygiene, care of the sick and home dietetics. And in every city and town there is already a local Red Cross chapter which can get behind all the different, devoted, progressive groups fighting for the future, and bring them all together into one great forward movement for the welfare of the country.

Here is one of the foundation stones of the new Red Cross. Are you willing to help lift it into place?

Before the Red Cross, too, lies at this moment the great problem of extending the Home Service to community affairs, to the affairs of peace. A precious possession, this Home Service, a national

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expression of those social ideals for which devoted men and women in our city communities have been struggling for fifty years. From its inception it has been carried on in the true spirit of neighborly democracy. What it has meant to our boys in France, and to their families, can probably never be estimated—least of all in terms of the millions of dollars which have been spent. At the present moment, although our army is home from Europe, its volume of work is greater than at any time during the war itself. Over five hundred thousand families are on its lists this month, although during the war the high water mark was but three hundred thousand.

An instant's reflection shows why this is the case. Leaving the army and seeking to re-enter civilian life is a much more complicated matter than merely enlisting ever was. Income ceases, a job must be found, new domestic arrangements must be made—and all in face of an admittedly difficult industrial situation. sickness, financial troubles, business and legal difficulties all assume a doubly threatening aspect to the family, which cannot forecast its future in any way.

Meanwhile, wives and mothers are just as much in need of counsel and guidance as ever, both in household affairs and in the discipline and education of the children. They are even more in danger of being victimized by the vicious and unscrupulous. And they have become accustomed to turn to the Red Cross for neighborly advice and aid. The problems of health, of vocational training for those disabled, are at flood tide. Delayed allotments, compensation and war risk insurance—all these questions are brought to the Red Cross people for solution until the work seems endless. The war work of the Home Service, indeed, cannot help but continue at high tide for many months.

And during those months the peace programme must be begun, if the vitality of the work is not to be lost. Social conditions must be gone into in every town and city and village where a Home Service section is located, and the method determined by which the Red Cross can be of the utmost social value to the particular community. Few people who have not studied the question realize the terrible lack of social aid agencies in most of our smaller communities and rural sections Over ninety per cent. of the Red Cross Home Service branches are the sole means of the kind in their locality.

And there is no place so small but that it has its families who at one time or another face grave difficulties and deserve neighborly assistance, whether there is a war or not. A child falls sick and a doctor or nurse is needed. A mother dies, leaving little children for whom a suitable home must be found. A factory closes, throwing out of work a young father for whom a job must be found and meantime a little financial assistance given. Sanatoriums for the sick, cures for the tubercular, "big brothers" for unruly lads—all these are part of our daily needs from a social point of view. And the thirty thousand trained workers of the Red Cross are particularly fitted to handle such tasks. They have learned to do exactly such things for the families of our soldiers and sailors during the war. They have become exactly the kind of experts in character which the valuable social worker of today must be. With the nation-wide organization of the Red Cross behind them, giving aid here, and counsel there, they can become a force for social well-being and better citizenship hard to overvalue

Here is another of the foundation stones of the new Red Cross Are you willing to help lift it into place, also?

Before the Junior Red Cross lies the whole school system of the United States with its great field for the teaching of patriotism and ethics and the American ideal. The foreigner has come among us, and he has come to stay. He deserves more than a mere technical education. He and his children must be given the opportunity to become Americans, to be convinced of the sincerity of our ideals, to join in the comradeship of democracy. The Junior Red Cross is one of the best guarantees of democracy's future in this country

Are you willing to help lift into place this foundation stone of the new Red Cross?

Before the Red Cross, also, lies the task of carrying to a finish the responsibilities you and I tacitly accepted when we made the Red Cross what it was during the war. Fifty base hospitals are back from service. They must be reorganized, restored to the cities of their origin, and made ready for any call the future may hold. There are thirty thousand service men still in the military hospitals, many crippled for life, most of them still requiring Red Cross attention. Twelve hundred Red Cross workers are still scattered in nearly one hundred and fifty army and navy stations in this country, doing all the varied work of the camp service, with its visiting, its convalescent houses, for both soldiers and nurses, and its programme of recreation, and entertainment in the reconstruction hospitals. These are things which must go on until the last vestige of need disappears, and the war is history indeed.

Dedicated by Lieut. J. Henry Smyth, Jr., A. R. C., to the memory of Florence Nightingale, the centenary of whose birth comes next year

And meanwhile there is the last phase of the Red Cross effort abroad; are we going to bring that to a successful conclusion, no matter how irksome the task may seem? The basic facts of the situation are too well known to require rehearsal here. Poland, the Balkans and Siberia—these are the plague spots of the world at the present moment. The months since the armistice have brought some measure of relief to these desolate, diseased and famine-ridden countries—thanks to the Red Cross and the Food Commission—but doubtful harvests, lack of transportation, and all the misery of war's aftermath have hindered their recovery

Thousands of children still suffer from undernourishment, typhus still rages in district after district, canteens, soup kitchens and clothing distribution centers are still a necessity in many places, and the winter comes on, adding once more its threat of famine and cold. Gradually though, of course, the Red Cross is succeeding, and in district after district the local authorities are taking over the work, local doctors and nurses are becoming available and the end of the struggle, so far as the American personnel is concerned, is coming into sight. Only in the outlying places is it still necessary to begin at the bottom, cleaning the hospitals, bathing the patients, and providing them with beds instead of bare boards, securing food, medicine and clothing, and giving them personal attention Heroic groups of American men and women, these little groups who (*Continued on Page* 81)

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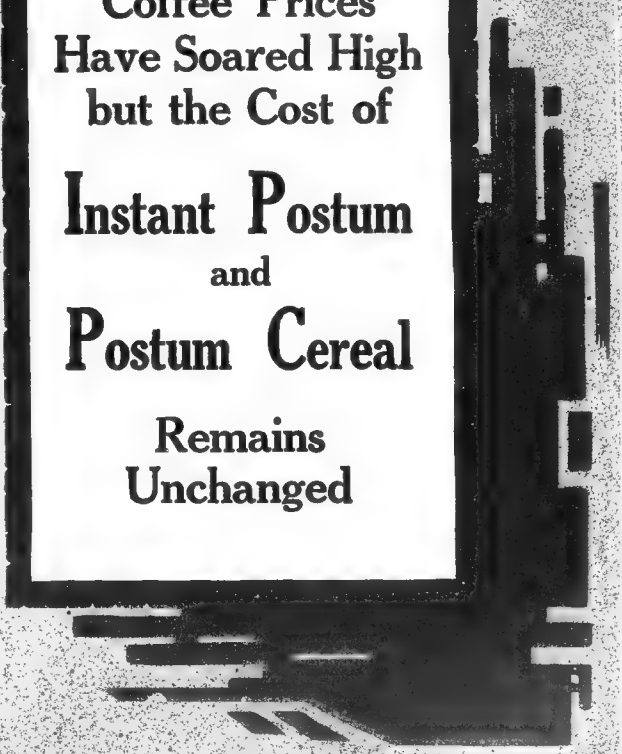
Coffee Prices
Have Soared High
but the Cost of

Instant Postum

and

Postum Cereal

Remains
Unchanged



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What Is This Thing We Call Democracy?

(*Continued from Page* 13)

picked as their chief about the most unprepossessing man in the country, awkward, lanky and utterly unaristocratic. There was just one reason why the people chose Abraham Lincoln. They wanted him. And they are not such poor pickers, after all.

Now, as I have already indicated, it is vastly more vital for people to get what they want than to get what is best for them. Because the aim of destiny is not that the people be made safe, nor that they grow rich, nor that they have peace. Not at all. It is, that they *learn* and *develop*.

And the only way anybody learns and grows is by making his own mistakes. It is said of the British that they muddle through. They do. But they muddle—*through*. That is, when they make mistakes, they *go on*, for they know how to make mistakes. They are making them all the time.

Germany might have won the war in three months, but she only knew how to succeed; she didn't know what to do when she made a mistake. There is such a thing as being too darned efficient.

Nothing requires more constant practice than mistake-making. America is at it constantly, and so knows how. Russia had had no practice; the Czar and others had always made their mistakes for them; consequently, when the people got their chance to make a mistake they made a whopper.

Democracy, said Elihu Root, is always in danger. Of course it is. Democracy is the science of danger. It is the art of being in danger. It is the original George W. Danger, of Dangerfield.

THE SEVENTH PLANK

Democracy means that the Majority of the people get what they want.

Of course, whatever we get, somebody is displeased. To expect to get what everybody wants is absurd. And the minority is always vociferous amongst us.

The Socialists say they don't get what they want, and the Single Taxers, and the Saloon Keepers, and the A. P. A., and the Pacifists and the Wall Street gentlemen, and the Labor Unions, and the rest.

But the outstanding fact remains that you can get anything you want in this Democracy. Anything. Bolshevism, Communism, Monarchy, anything.

All you have to do is to get votes enough. So go to it!

The Prohibitionists got their way finally. They simply secured a majority of the legislators. Go thou and do likewise if you have anything particular on your chest.

It is ridiculous to say any Minority, however well organized, runs this country. They may for a while. But their end comes.

A Democracy gets what the people want. Not every Saturday night, of course, but in the long run.

So you need not be afraid of the well-known Capitalists, nor of the rambunctious Labor Unions, nor of any other ambitious phalanx that threatens. Just repeat to yourself, as you go to sleep, that saying of Lincoln's: "But you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

THE EIGHTH PLANK

Democracy means Organization.

A mob is not, cannot be a democracy, for the simple reason that a mob never gets what it wants. It gets what a few clever or strong leaders want. Hence it is temporary. Democracy is permanent. After the mob there is a reaction into a worse tyranny. To democracy there is no considerable reaction; it is a continuous development. It flows on, as the waters flow toward the sea.

The United States is not a Town Meeting. It gets what it wants through legislatures and duly elected officials. It functions in a republican form of government. Its power is exerted, not directly, but through representatives.

Without organization there can be no democracy. After the mob comes the tyrant. After the democratic organization comes liberty, only then.

All the present organizations are first steps in democracy. Democracy is practicing. In the Labor Union, the Church, the Lodge, the Political Party, and all other Associations, even in Trusts, the People are learning how to get together so as to get what they want.

And it is a long, hard lesson. Don't be in a hurry. It has taken us many thousand years to get to where we are, and we are not going to reach perfection in a minute.

Co-operation, Brotherhood, Each for all and all for Each—why, that is the Plan of Destiny, that is the Oak which this present Acorn means, that is the Mind of God, and you cannot expect to reach it by any trick or sudden spurt, any more than a fifteen year old boy can become a mature man over night, no matter how badly he longs to.

THE NINTH PLANK

Democracy makes its gains secure by general laws. It understands that without law there can be no liberty.

Progress is not created by law; it is fastened by law. Law comes after public opinion, not before. When the feeling and intelligence of the people have made an advance, law makes that advance secure.

Law does not push civilization forward; it keeps civilization from slipping back.

The will of the majority can function only in written laws, which apply to everybody in the State. It takes time to make them; it takes time to repeal them. Thus no minority can seize and hold the rule and impose its will, at least for a very long period of time.

Only the written law, respect for it and obedience to it, can be an effectual bulwark against the tyrant and the demagogue.

Only the ignorant hate law; and look upon it as an enemy, an agency of oppression, a bar to progress. The intelligent know that, however this may seem so at times, law in reality is the ratchet-wheel of liberty and progress. Without law it would not take us long to lose all that democracy has gained through generations of fighting. We should relapse into barbarism, or monarchy, which is a step removed.

THE TENTH PLANK

These laws must be just.

That is, they must apply equally to every human being in the territory. Democracy does not claim for all persons equal pay, equal intelligence, equal happiness, nor equal social position; all those things are subject to the infinite inequalities of Nature. But it does claim equal justice. Every man must not be considered rich and good, but every man must be allowed his day in court.

Altruism, charity, kindness and unselfishness—upon these duties which have always been preached as an accompaniment to monarchy, hereditary privilege and tyranny, Democracy is strangely silent.

Because all these are functionings of Love. And to democracy, love is not a side-show; it is the big tent.

Love is not something you may put on, and ought to put on, but need not if you do not choose; love is inherent in the very nature of the state.

Justice—that is God's love. Charity and almsgiving—that is man's.

Under a perfect democracy all endowed Schools, Hospitals, and other Benevolent Foundations will disappear. For at bottom they all are some sort of unjust Privilege trying to square itself with Conscience, as the robber barons of old built chapels and monasteries.

Democracy will manage its own schools, hospitals and the like, not from benevolence, but by intelligent self-interest, because they are needed by the whole people, and will support them by general taxation.

For democracy goes back to God.

The heart of the universe is democratic.

It is the purpose of the Ruler of this Universe that every born soul shall have its chance, "even unto this last;" that the State shall play fair to every one of "the least of these, my brethren;" that men shall not cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," nor "Heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly."

God is not on the side of the strongest battalions. Go on; organize your irresistible armies and your proud fleets, your Capitalistic combinations and your Proletariat tyrannies. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall hold them in derision."

For you don't understand the kind of a God He is. He is not a celestial satrap, a proud Czar with His favorites, a Kaiser with an iron ambition. Fools! He is "Servant of All!" That is His name. He is the Giver of that mysterious law, "The meek shall inherit the earth," He is the Omnipotent Shepherd who "shall gather the lambs in His bosom and tenderly lead them that are with young."

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The Lure of the Breakfast Table is

BAKER'S COCOA

It is pure, wholesome and of great food value. One never tires of its delicious flavor and attractive aroma because it is the natural flavor and aroma of high-grade cocoa beans prepared by a mechanical process; no chemicals used.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Dorchester, Mass.
Established 1780

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Ready October 25th

Our New 1919

HOLIDAY HANDKERCHIEF AND CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

The most unique holiday book published in this country.

A post card will bring it to you. Send at once. There is no charge.

No. 746—This box contains (3) Ladies all pure linen handkerchiefs. Hemstitched and Hand Embroidered in one corner of each handkerchief. Each box contains (3) different designs with ¾ inch hem.

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Newcomb-Endicott Company
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Dept. "L"

WASHPROOF NAME TAPES

INDELIBLE IDENTIFICATION

Names, numbers, etc., in various styles of lettering, on very fine white tape. For marking clothing and household linen. Essential in hospitals, schools and camps. **15c per gross** (100 tapes). Samples free.

STERLING NAME TAPE COMPANY
Established 1901
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Training for Authorship

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How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time "play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

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The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 47 Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1906

Democracy is no less than the Will of God operative in the State through natural laws. No man devised, no man can undo it. For the stars in their courses propel it.

You cannot make it by craft, any more than you can legislate the precession of the equinoxes. Storming soldiery cannot batter it down, cunning politicians cannot set it up.

It is like a majestic ship that sails on through the storm, pushed forward by her own engines.

And thank God it is our Ship. With pardonable pride and joy we cry *"Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, strong and great! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with Thee!"*

So then this is the fence we have built up around our idea. This is our definition of democracy.

Democracy is (1) a force (2) of feeling (3) and opinion, (4) working within humanity, (5) and impelling the people of a given neighborhood (6) to get what they want, (7) that is, what the majority of them want, (8) by means of organization, (9) and to make this secure by laws (10) which are just and equal.

Four Years in a Well

(*Continued from Page* 17)

Francois sought the well, and again he reported that the bucket was held aloft, so that it was impossible to climb in the upper world. Again we posted guard and slept through the night. In the morning we turned the goat loose, sending the captors to follow her to see where instinct led her. They returned about an hour later, crestfallen, to report that she had eluded them in the darkness.

"Another day passed, and at nightfall Francois again reported that the bucket was still at the top of the well. We began to despair of any hope from that quarter. In the morning he again went to investigate, and soon came running back with face aglow to convey the glad tidings that there was a great crock of pot-cheese suspended by a rope at the well-entrance to the cave. I went to personally view the glorious find. It was indeed true. I realized that some peasant woman was using the well for cold storage.

"Under my direction, the delicious contents were scooped into our messkits and it provided a welcome addition to our meager diet. I had a five-franc piece in one of my pockets, and tearing a leaf from my journal, I scribbled a note, which I wrapped around the money and deposited it in the jar. I wrote as follows:

'Six defenders of Belgium and France have found refuge from the Boche in a cave beneath you. We are starving and are obliged to take your cheese. We hope that this money will compensate you. If you will send the bucket down to us so that we may climb up by the rope tonight, we will verify our story.'

"Toward eventide the rope was raised by unknown hands to the surface. We were in a ferment of excitement. What if our note should fall into the hands of the Boche? Our anxiety was even increased when we saw the bucket descending. We grasped the rope eagerly and drew it over to the coping. Therein we found a note in answer to ours. It read: 'Have no fear. Your note and money received. Send one of your men up in the bucket and we will give you food.'

"I held a hasty council, and as Francois was insistent that it was his right to ascend, we let him go. He was immediately raised by our unknown friends to the surface. It seemed an age before the bucket was again lowered, and as it came within reach, I eagerly grasped it. It was filled with bread, cheese and meat. I seized the provisions eagerly, gave them to the men, and climbed into the bucket myself. Instantly it was raised to the surface again. By the starlight I clearly discerned the faces of Francois and three old men, who, I afterwards learned, were peasant farmers from a nearby cottage.

"Francois had already told them our story. They cautioned us to return to the cave, and promised to send us down firewood and food every day, and to keep us informed as to the movements of the Boche, who had already taken over the affairs of the nearby village of Graide.

"There was a legend among the peasants of the existence of the cave, but until our adventure none of them knew where the entrance was.

"Thus for four long, weary years, we stayed in the cave, devoting our time to exploring it thoroughly, receiving provisions and firewood more or less regularly from our peasant friends through the well. We procured ropes and finally solved the mystery of the abrupt precipice. Had a ladder or staircase been constructed, one might have descended from the cave to the bed of a roaring, turbulent brook. As there was little prospect of the Boche devoting themselves to such an enterprise, we remained tranquil.

"Occasionally, some of the more venturesome amongst us would ascend the well at night to get a breath of God's good air, but we were always cautious, and were never apprehended by our enemies.

"At last the blessed news of the Armistice came, and we arose from our prison-home to walk the earth as free men. It was three days ago that I saw my first daylight in four years. The townspeople crowded around us and insisted upon giving us an escort of honor to see us into Sedan. All along the way the peasants had heard of our adventure, and they ran out of their houses to embrace and congratulate us. We have had a veritable triumphal march, and at each step we have rendered our thanks to *le Bon Dieu* who saw us safely through our troubles."

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My Son
Remember

that it matters not whether the contest be waged on the field of battle or in the strenuous paths of peace, it is strength of mind, plus a well nourished, robust body that conquers.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of purest *Norwegian* cod-liver oil fits into Nature's plan as a nourishing factor admirably well. Abundant in those essentials that enrich the blood, sustain the body and promote healthful growth, *Scott's builds conquering strength.* As regularly as time brings the chill of Autumn, thousands of men, women and children, turn to *Scott's* as a trusty protector of their strength or as a means of building up vitality to withstand the rigors of winter.

A little Scott's Emulsion right now would doubtless be a world of good to you or your child.

Better Try It!

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 19-50

TRY Ri-MOID'S FOR INDIGESTION

UNIVERSITY LINEN STATIONERY, for ladies—with shaded monogram initial and street-addresse I envelopes. 24 sheets 24 envelopes, boxed and ribbon tied. Fine, original, unique, 50c. box. Money back guaranty. Save 50 per cent by buying of manufacturer.
FRANKLIN ART CO , Box 5, Little Falls, N.Y.

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP

made of Borax, Iodine and Bran is a sure and safe relief for those tired, aching, tender, swollen, burning

FEET

that have been causing you so much pain. Try a hot foot bath without delay. 25c. all druggists.

THOMAS GILL SOAP CO.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The Brush Draws Them Together

(*Continued from Page 22*)

my fate." And ever since then he has become more and more widely known as a specialist in the interpretation of men at their work.

As soon as he got together $400 he started for Grand Rapids and married Miss Van Vranken. That wasn't very much to get married on. But they had faith, and she certainly had courage to move at once into the kind of life and environment in New York in which her husband loved to live and work.

His studio was on the top floor of a factory on Columbia Heights, close to Brooklyn Bridge and the East River, and overlooking the seething life of that section and the river traffic; and seeing on all sides the gigantic skyscrapers and the big things which were being built in New York and which stamp New York so vividly on the imagination.

These things were all an inspiration to the artist. Close by was a foundry, where he sat by the hour watching giants almost nude as they poured and pounded the liquid iron. He watched in a fever the men working on the great Manhattan Bridge. He was absorbed morning, noon and night in the whole great romance of work and workmen. And he made many paintings that were inspired by what he saw, and some of these appeared on the covers of scientific magazines.

And all the time there was a kind of philosophy growing up in this man's mind about work and workmen that stretched back in his consciousness to those heated days in the furniture factory in Grand Rapids, and probably much farther into the heritage of his forebears. The romance of work and of the big work of huge structures fired his imagination, but the workman—what of him? Did he feel the romance of it?

No. That was evident. He did his work as a matter of fact and for a living. He was in the web of a common destiny.

But why not make the workman feel some of the romance of his work and at the same time make the employer see that there was something more than mere dollars in what he was doing? And it came to him with more force than ever that art was the connecting link, and that he was the workman to make that link. This was the task he dedicated himself to.

Then he did a wise thing. He found that he needed a more careful and broader training in colors and in the handling of colors. So he moved away from all this excitement of the city and went to Provincetown. There he found artists who knew more about painting than he did, and he studied with them.

He went there in 1912 and worked diligently through the summer with hundreds of other students. The next year he and his wife "pulled up stakes" in New York and moved to Provincetown to live summer and winter. And, of course, they brought the first baby along with them. If ever a baby was born in an atmosphere of work and art that one was.

Then came the great war and it disturbed Gerrit Beneker, as it did all other Americans. He wanted to do his "bit" and he conceived that he could do it by means of posters that would inspire and stimulate the patriotism of the workmen of the land. He went to Washington and interested the powers there in his idea. Commander Mechlin, in charge of a great building that was being erected on which 3,500 men were employed, thought he saw something in Beneker's plan and he gave him a studio on the job.

There Beneker painted poster after poster. He caught his inspiration from the workmen. A darky pushing concrete was entitled "Concrete ammunition—Second line of defense." A big, burly workman rolling up his sleeves and looking as if he could "lick his weight in wild cats" was entitled "Work as you would fight." Another of a big workman resting one hand on the back of a marine who was looking off into the distant battle was entitled "I will back you."

Then Beneker painted a poster of a workman, standing erect, hands slightly extended, head thrown back in a reverent attitude, and under it the caption, "My country. To thee I pledge my hands, my heart, my soul." When a contract manager saw it he exclaimed, "A workman has no heart and soul! Take off those last two lines and I'll use it." But Beneker would not take them off. He believed in that principle.

He reasoned that the character of a nation is very largely the character of its workmen and he felt that the attitude which had grown up between workmen and employers did not bode well for the future unless it was changed. The thing to do was to re-establish the sympathy between workmen and employer that ceased when industries began to grow to large proportions and employer and workman became strangers to each other.

Then Beneker made some stunning Victory Loan posters. In fact, the most famous of all the posters of the war was the one entitled "Sure! We'll finish the job!"

And now comes a curious psychological coincidence. Yet it is a thing that happens every day in the world when men think; for thought working along similar lines arrives at similar conclusions no matter how far apart the thinkers may be. Briefly it is this:

Beneker had developed certain thoughts about workmen and their relation to their work or their "job," and these thoughts included the attitude of the employers toward the workmen and the job. One day he was showing to an advertising man in New York the poster entitled "Sure! We'll finish the job," and also some of the typewritten matter the Department of Labor had prepared in which Beneker's ideas in regard to labor were incorporated, when the advertising man exclaimed:

"This is surely a strange coincidence,

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YOU will be delighted with the wonderful effect of Goblin Soap on the little grimy, play-stained hands. The dirt is dissolved in creamy lather and the skin is left in a beautifully healthy condition. Fine for office, home or shop, toilet or bath, a good all around soap.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 West Monroe Street, Chicago
64 Macauley Avenue, Toronto, Canada

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In This Interesting Contest

TO THE BOY who can think of the most interesting uses for the popular **AUTO-WHEEL COASTER,** for earning money and for play, we shall award one of our large models absolutely FREE. It's a mighty generous prize for a few minutes' work And the following eleven valuable prizes will be given to those sending in the next best uses: **Camera, Camping Tent, Mess Kit, Scout Knife, Fleetwing Steering Sled, Compass, Ingersoll Watch, Axe, Bank, Electric Flashlight, Poncho.**

INFORMATION ABOUT CONTEST

1. Any boy or girl not over 15 years may compete
2. Contest will be judged by three men well-known in the Boy Scout organization
3. Write to Business Idea Dept., Buffalo Sled Co., for pamphlet explaining the Contest, and colored catalog telling all about Auto-Wheel.
4. At end of letter write names of three Coaster Wagon Dealers in your town. If any carry the Auto-Wheel put an "x" after name.

YOU CAN DO IT. Any live boy who knows how to get fun and earn money out of a good, strong coaster wagon, has a fine chance to get the Auto-Wheel as a prize. **Here are a few pointers:** The Auto-Wheel is a wagon for work or play. It's built for strength and speed. Has roller bearings, steel axles and tires, body white ash, maple gear.

If there's an Auto-Wheel dealer near you, he'll gladly let you see the Auto-Wheel Coaster in his store, and he'll give you some good ideas for your letter. CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 30, 1919.

Here's Your Chance. Get Busy

Buffalo Sled Co.

181 Schenck Street, N. Tonawanda, N.Y.

In Canada: Preston, Ontario

HEAT EASES PAIN
USE 'BEGY'S
MUSTARINE
CANNOT BLISTER
FOR ACHES PAIN CONGESTION INFLAMMATION
In Two Sizes 30 and 60 Cents
S. C. WELLS & CO., Est. 1870
FROM NEW YORK
ALWAYS IN THE YELLOW BOX
THE ORIGINAL and QUITE THE BEST MUSTARD PLASTER IMPROVEMENT

for we have a large manufacturer in the Middle West who believes in this same thing you believe in."

The advertising man took Beneker's work out to his client in Cleveland, Ohio, with the result that the artist was sent for immediately. At Cleveland he found a group of young men with high ideals who had built up a great industry—the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company. They had always been concerned about the welfare of their workmen, from the lowest laborer to the most skilful mechanic. Beneker never expected to see or find such a corps of idealists in one industry —idealists after his own heart. As they employed from 3,000 to 5,000 men they could not hope to meet or know them all personally. So they published a magazine—a house organ—which goes to each workman in the four plants of the company. Each plant has an editor with assistants throughout the plant—all working men. Through this medium the workmen express their ideas and offer suggestions to the management and the management to the workmen. It has created a new atmosphere in these plants.

James H. Foster, president of the company, rose from the ranks of the workman himself, and he is a great lover of art—believes in the power of art expression—believes that painting contains the possibilities of a great appeal to the inner natures of men. So these idealists engaged Beneker to make some paintings that could be printed in colors on the cover of *The Hydraulic Press*—paintings of workmen that would mean something.

Beneker found his subjects ready at hand in the plant and he has painted pictures of the American workman for the company which have become famous and which have served admirably the purpose for which they were designed The workmen are as enthusiastic about these pictures as the managers and the public at large. One of these entitled "Men are square" had the place of honor recently in an exhibition of paintings in the Cleveland Museum of Fine Arts and was awarded a medal.

The big romance of modern industry is in these paintings, and also the great spirit of America and Americanism. They are big and they have a big influence.

Gerrit A. Beneker is known as "Ben" to the workmen and to his friends and that cognomen shows how this democrat among artists is regarded generally. He works for an ideal and he paints his own portrait in all his pictures

Cho Cho's Sugar-Coated Lessons

(*Continued from Page* 30)

his friend, the cow. His wrath falls fiercely upon the "wrong" vegetables in another package, the outcast cucumbers, the radishes, the green peppers.

"And how many children here," asks Cho Cho suddenly with engaging encouragement, "remember to drink tea and coffee every single day?"

Instantly a waving field of upraised hands crops above the heads of the audience, the owners of the hands beaming proudly. Waverings suddenly become waverings, as a grief-stricken Cho Cho sheds tears like a teething crocodile. Once more the long, slow drinks from the milk bottle save Cho Cho from fatal sorrowing over that tea and coffee confession. And what's this? No weighing scales in the school? Hurry, hurry! Up with the hands instantly and promise to ask Pop and Mom to see to it that scales are immediately placed in the school. Is every hand up? Good!

And so for an hour Cho Cho joyfully teaches and the children quite as joyfully absorb. Until finally Cho Cho calls it a day and announces he is going to bed. In pantomime he arranges imaginary bed clothes, then rearranges them because, he explains, he wants to be sure that the blankets will not come too high above his chin to admit fresh air to his nose and mouth. He brushes his teeth, drinks a final glass of water and goes through the motions of disrobing in a way that keeps the room breezy with laughter "And what does Cho Cho do now?" he asks as his day seems to have ended. "You go to bed," is the obvious answer which Cho Cho says he hears oftenest, except in neighborhoods where the children are mostly Roman Catholics. In these sections, adds Cho Cho, the answer invariably is, "You say your prayers, Cho Cho." Bedtime praying, Cho Cho agrees with them, is admirable, and then he hastens to explain in words as simple as possible that in asking his question he has physical, not spiritual, virtues in mind. Alas, the right answer to his final bed-time question rarely is heard; in pantomime he must act the answer by walking around his imaginary bedroom and opening make-believe windows.

Cho Cho has gone, with his audience scurrying after his fast flying taxicab, but the health teaching has not ended, even for that particular afternoon, in the school building. Mrs. Mums has remained behind to teach the teachers, to elaborate in tireless detail upon the Cho Cho text, "Weight for height and age." Once a month, oftener in the case of the child suffering from malnutrition, the little ones must be weighed, she explains. Quickly she demonstrates how an entire class can be properly weighed and measured within a few minutes, two minutes being enough to give to each child when a standard scale that can be adjusted every day is placed on a level floor of a quiet room in the building, with a vertical line painted on the wall and marked off in inches along wall space close to the scales. She arranges for the distribution of the little weight-height-age charts, designed by Dr Thomas Wood

And Mrs. Mums never—never—forgets to leave the leaflet which Cho Cho's people are now trying to get into every schoolroom on earth, to wit:

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IT IS rare to find a successful American business man or woman who has not suffered more or less from some slight form of indigestion, causing distress after eating.

To many an individual, dyspepsia is the price of success—the direct result of neglecting—often abusing—one's digestion, eating hurriedly, irregularly and under high mental strain.

And yet, how greatly the consequences of this neglect could be reduced by the routine, systematic use of my original pepsin chewing gum for ten to twenty minutes after every meal. An adequate flow of saliva would be assured, the digestive processes aided and nerve tension relaxed, with its essential improvement in the gastric blood supply.

In a word, chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum will bring prompt relief to many a sufferer—and in a manner pleasant, safe and convenient.

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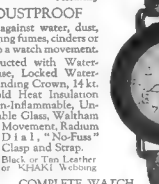

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which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles, fill up hollows, give roundness to scrawny necks, lift up sagging corners of the mouth, and clear up muddy complexions. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it

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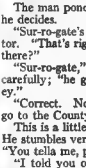

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TODAY

Hand-Made Americans

(*Continued from Page 36*)

for Mr. Dunham doesn't encourage visitors. He says that they make him self-conscious, by which he really means that they make his pupils self-conscious. I doubt whether anybody or anything could make George Dunham self-conscious. He is too much interested in the other fellow to think much about himself. But if you should gain admittance while a quiz was in progress, you would see, seated on the corner of the table which constitutes his rostrum, a thick-set, round-faced man of middle-aged appearance, with an expression so friendly, placid, and good-humored that you might easily overlook the keenness of the eyes, and the underlying quiet forcefulness of the personality. Very likely Mr. Dunham is swinging his legs. He often does when talking. He points to a man in the second row:

"You stand up," he requests.

The man, an Italian, gets promptly to his feet.

"Have you got a rich uncle?"

The Italian, grinning, shakes his head.

"No? Well, that's too bad. If you had a rich uncle and he died and left you ten thousand dollars, where would you go to get it?"

"I go to da court."

"What court?"

The man ponders. "Suggut's Court," he decides.

"Sur-ro-gate's Court," say the instructor. "That's right. Why would you go there?"

"Sur-ro-gate," repeats the Italian carefully; "he got da dead man's money."

"Correct. Now, why wouldn't you go to the County Court?"

This is a little too much for the pupil. He stumbles verbally, then says simply: "You tella me, pliz."

"I told you once when I was talking about the courts. Now I'll tell you again. The Surrogate's Court looks after the affairs of dead people, and the County Court looks after the affairs of live people. Will you remember that?"

Will he remember it! Put that way, how can he forget it? It may not be law as taught in our law schools. But the essence of the thing is there, and it sticks.

The class to which I succeeded in getting admitted, after some persuasion, was holding its opening session, which gave me opportunity of observing the Dunham method in its developing phase. It was a specially "good" (for which read "difficult") class, numbering about sixty and comprising Italian, Polish, and German factory hands, Welsh and Dutch farmers, Lithuanian-Jewish clerks, Greek bootblacks, Russian mill hands, Swiss, French, Bohemians, Irish, Canadians, Armenians, two Latin-Americans and a Syrian heavy-weight prize-fighter. Perched upon his table, Mr. Dunham surveyed the intent, uneasy and slightly suspicious group with kindly appraisal and began his characteristic "get-acquainted" talk, delivered in the most

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casual and chatty style, the best possible method of reassuring his dubious, ill-assorted audience.

"I don't know any of you by name. If I did I couldn't remember the names, probably, or maybe even pronounce 'em. If I met you on the street tomorrow perhaps I wouldn't recognize you. But you'll know me. You speak to me when we meet and then I'll know you. Now I'm going to talk to you for twenty minutes. You remember all you can of my talk. I don't expect you to remember it all. Just remember as much as you can. If you don't understand, stop me and tell me so. Next, I'll ask you questions about the things I've been telling you. You'll learn more from the questions and answers than from my talk. So pay close attention."

He started with a primer-style outline of the various kinds of governments, coming down to the local city government, "for," says he, out of his long experience, "if you can once get 'em to understand how their own town is run, the rest will come easy." At the close he reverted to the method of direct query.

"As I don't know your names I'll point to you when I want you to answer questions. When I point, you stand up." He leveled his finger at a wiry, nervous fellow on an end seat. "You, over there, stand up"

The man, turning red, shuffled his feet, looked about him desperately, half arose and slumped sullenly back, mutinous from sheer panic.

"Wait a minute," said the lecturer kindly. "I'll tell you why I want you on your feet. It isn't to show respect or anything of that sort. I understand that you'd feel easier sitting down You'd talk easier, too, wouldn't you? Most people do. Well, that's just the point. When you come before the judge to be questioned you'll have to stand up and face him before the whole court room. If you aren't used to it, it'll rattle you. But when you get accustomed to it you'll be all right. You won't be any more afraid of the judge than you are of me. Now, you stand up."

The man arose, grinning and relieved. Therein lay one clue to Dunham's success with his pupils. He gets hold of things so simple and elemental that their fundamental importance is hidden. No wonder the experienced judge had been able to distinguish a "Dunham man" at sight, by his ease of bearing

The immediate and specific results of the Dunham training I have indicated by the evidence of the courtroom hearing. The indirect results are more far-reaching but less easy to determine. Three times a year the classes, numbering from thirty to nearly a hundred, go out, genuinely grounded in Americanism (and, for the most part, genuinely enthusiastic about it) to spread the gospel among their fellows. The value of such propaganda would be hard to overestimate. When the nation went to war, George E. Dunham was made chairman of the local Committee on Aliens, a particularly delicate and important position, not only because of the mass of unassimilated foreigners in the city, but also because of Utica's large number of war industries,

I wonder what sort of a man you are

If you and I were to meet casually in a hotel lobby or in a Pullman I would know how to get this Mennen Shaving Cream story across to you. Face to face salesmanship is easy, but talking to two million men is more complicated.

Now if you are a chemist it would take about thirty seconds to prove to you that there is no free caustic in Mennen's and you would appreciate what a remarkable advance that is in shaving lather — but most men think the word caustic is high-brow for rough talk from the boss.

If you are a merchant or salesman I would just have to tell you of the phenomenal growth in sales and you would realize that Mennen's must have exceptional quality.

But most likely, you are just a fairly intelligent good fellow—rather skeptical, but open to reason. In that case I would hand you a straight statement that Mennen's gives a great shave — with cold water or hot — no rubbing with fingers — hold's three times the amount of water you usually use—and your face feels fine afterwards. Then I would say, "Here, old man, give it a trial — take this demonstrator tube — use just a little with a lot of water — brush for three minutes and then leave it to the razor."

Over a Million and a half men have got acquainted with Mennen's that way and keep on using it.

Help me out! Just pretend you know me, and send 12 cents for one of my demonstrator tubes. That's all the coupon is good for.

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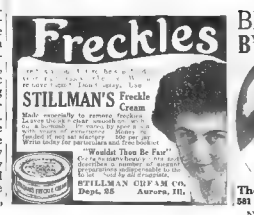

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Sometimes, in the night, Pain comes to your house. Then is the time, most of all, when you rely on good old Musterole. No fuss, no bother, no worry—no messing about with plasters or waiting for water to heat.

Quickly you go to the Musterole jar. A bit of that clean white ointment on little Bobbie's chest, and lightly you rub it in. A gentle tingle of skin puts Doctor Nature to work, and soon a healing warmth reaches the congested spot. Then comes a soothing coolness, and Bobbie drowses off to sleep.

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Keep a jar handy.

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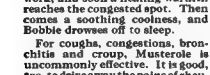

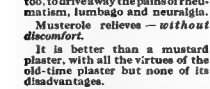

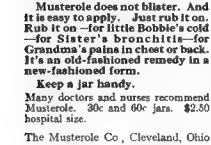

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including a big arms factory. The chairman promptly appointed as his aids sundry residents with strange names terminating in elli, scz, cky, tch, and the like. Alarm and dissatisfaction were expressed by some of the leading citizens. Was George Dunham going to have his Alien Committee run by aliens?

"Who knows more about the subject than they do?" inquired Mr. Dunham blandly. Having no answer ready, the critics held their peace. The committee was a success. Utica, regarded with no small degree of anxiety by the federal authorities, had not the slightest trouble with its aliens. As one of the war officials explained it to me: "They were Dunhamized."

At the close of every series of his "lectures," the leader-gives a dinner to his class with silk American flags for favors and speeches by representatives of the various nationalities; and the graduates go out and proselytize for entrants to the next class. Thus the supply is kept constant. To these dinners come the judges and city officials, to mix with and get acquainted personally with the prospective citizens. The affair has, in an unobtrusive way, the effect of a "Welcome-to-America" greeting.

In the many years of my acquaintance with George Dunham I have heard but one real boast from his lips, and that concerns his class.

"I'll let any man go out here in the main street and gather in the first thirty American citizens he finds, and I'll put thirty aliens from my class up against them, and we'll give them an examination in what our government is and how it works, and I'll bet the other fellow a horse to a hen that I'll stump his citizens twice for every once that he stumps my aliens."

His work, Mr. Dunham declares, is as easy as it is simple. He gives one job to one night in ten to it, the year through. Of course, this does not count the time and thought devoted to the problems constantly arising. And one night in ten, year after year, on top of the day's work of a busy man, is no small thing Mr. Dunham is a decidedly busy man I had almost forgotten to mention that he is the owner and editor of one of the most independent, able and prosperous newspapers in the state, the *Utica Press*, which he invariably refers to in private and prideful conversation as "the Truth-teller." It pretty consistently is.

There are few American cities of twenty thousand population or more where just such an adventure in Americanism as the Dunham class is not urgently needed. On the authority of Mr. Dunham himself, who should know anyone can do it. "And do it better," he adds. "I'm only an amateur."

Lucky Bill, the Youngest Buckaroo

(*Continued from Page* 45)

that was all. His body knew how to ride—every healthy young muscle and strong young sinew in it was trained to horse-motions—but his mind had always been elsewhere; and good riding is a matter of reading your mount's mind and getting there ahead of him.

"This way, young feller, they're drawin'"; he heard the corral manager and hurried his steps. He hoped he'd get the worst side-windin', sin-twistin', sky-hawkin'—yes, he hoped he'd get Long Tom! and as for the racers——

"Here, kid, draw your'n"—and he drew—Long Tom. Then there were other drawings, but none seemed so important to Bill as this. His step just escaped being a strut.

"Hard lines, kid," said a friendly buckaroo.

"Lucky, I call it," said Bill, and moved away.

He found an empty apple box and turning it on end sat down where he could watch the sports, for they would warm up with a few of the less important ones. The crowd was going wild now over a cowgirls' race; Bill looked on with indifference; nice enough girls —good riders all right—didn't have anything on "the little tiger." Then he abandoned the race to the luxury of dreams; as the girls tore around the track he was seeing himself tear around, as the crowd stood and waved and cheered for the winner, he was seeing it stand and wave and cheer for him—especially one part of it—especially one girl in it.

Bill jumped as if an alarm clock had gone off in his sleep, for they were calling the pony race. He got his mount a white-eyed calico cayuse that he didn't think any too much of, made deliberate examination of bridle and saddle cinch, mounted and rode on to the track with the other contestants.

The signal and they were off, one splotch of color against the gray. The splotch quickly broke up; Bill leaned low like an Indian, hugged his horse with his knees, and rode! He was young—he didn't even consider losing the race—but he was a bit heavy; the others were as tall but more sinewy Plastered close to his mount, his eyes on the track, he urged his pony on by every power known to the horsemen of the plains. Soon he realized he had not drawn badly; not for nothing was there white in the calico cayuse's eyes Two of the riders lagged, and Bill pushed on like the wind; a third, a fourth—and Bill could hear the crowd roar to its feet amidst yells of "Sit down!" "Sit down!" They were yelling steadily now—and it was for him and one other—they were neck and neck. the ponies were out of old Indian racing blood that for all their generations had played this game on the western plains with the only riders on earth never known to throw a race.

"We gotta win—we gotta win—we gotta—we gotta," Bill was saying with every fiber in him while he plastered closer and pushed harder—and rode! He made the slightest perceptible gain maybe it was the white in his cayuse's eyes—maybe his own youth—one had to win—and it was Bill!

The crowd was on its feet, yelling as

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one voice. The announcer lifted the megaphone; Bill, patting his wet mount and turning about to ride off, heard his name; what was it the man was saying? He caught the last part:

"—Lucky Bill, youngest entrant and winner of his first Round-up race."

Lucky Bill—he'd won a name! Bill's breast swelled to bursting. Any man that was a man on the range won a name—sometime; he'd won a name; maybe he'd been the least bit jealous of his sister who had had her name almost from his babyhood. He had always been just plain Bill; now he was "Lucky Bill"—he liked it for a name; it meant something The girl had said "For luck" when she gave him her blue tie.

Next there were Indian races, with full-blooded young bucks Hi-yi-ing their furious way around the track, and girls' bucking contests and pony express races, and an old-fashioned stage-coach race, all with the reckless dash and daring of the old-time plains life—which is not so reckless as it appears to us who only use our bodies for the simplest navigation, for girls are broncho trained to quick decisions and plains bodies to quick action. Then came a bucking contest between buckaroos and Bill went on the track again. This was his time to ride Long Tom.

Each contestant is allowed a helper; Bill's man got Long Tom blindfolded, saddled and bridled. Bill quietly looked him over, then on the signal was in the saddle, the helper jerked off the blindfold, and the fireworks began. Up went the hands waving sombreros to show that no one was "pulling leather," and up went the legs, long legs, hind legs—humped in the middle—in a flash the quiet arena had become a medley of rearing, kicking, snorting, bucking outlaws, while from the grandstand 30,000 voices yelled, "Let 'er buck!"

Long Tom didn't omit a trick from his repertory, even his famous shoot out into the air and land all fours with the killing thud which had unhorsed most of his riders. But the youngster stuck, immovable as granite, but like wax, too, moving with every move of the great beast, mind of his mind. In half a second time would be up—the test was nearly over—and Bill would have qualified. Long Tom had done his worst and was only bucking mechanically now. The girl flashed into Bill's mind—was she seeing? Waving his yellow neckerchief? He lifted his eyes to the grandstand, and at that fatal moment Long Tom, having gathered impetus, shot out into the air on another of his famous thrusts—and came down with a thud that sent Bill over his head into the dirt.

He was luckier in the wild horse race, qualifying, but still he hadn't the courage to glance toward the grandstand even after he had been announced a winner The day was spoiled for Bill.

He found a bed fairly early that night in one of the buckaroo tents along the river. For many people there was no sleep—such is the effect of the day's stimulant, but for Bill the night at least was one of bliss only slightly alloyed; for a pair of untamed brown eyes looked worshipfully into his from across a huge Mexican saddle he was tugging to get into his arms. . . . he didn't have a very secure grip on the saddle—that was the alloy.

The second day went better, for the old lesson of all his days on Lost Spring—that he must keep his mind held best on the one job directly under his hands—had come home to him once more, and he didn't let it wander an instant, even between events. He qualified for each of the races for which he was eligible and felt happier.

The third day the crowd was greater than ever, for many busy people of the Northwest cities make only the finals Special trains were shunted on to side tracks, parking space was jammed with motor cars, and people were everywhere! The contesting buckaroos went easily about, appearing casual and indifferent. It seemed to Bill that he was the only one for whom it was a life or death matter to win. He couldn't find her—but there were the newspapers and she knew his name now—Lucky Bill—and she'd know, even if she didn't see; he just had to win—there wasn't any other way.

And then adding the last possible incentive to iron determination, he saw her. She was going up the steps of the grandstand with her father, who wouldn't hurry, and she paused, tapping her pretty little white feet impatiently —Bill saw it all. She wore a different dress; a white one, but his yellow neckerchief was knotted about her throat.

Lucky Bill; he drew a fine mount for his first pony race, and won by a shoulder. He drew as good a one for the relay race—and won again. The buckaroos looked at him quietly when he got back to the corrals the second time, while the crowd was still madly yelling and the megaphone man trying to tell about it.

"Go careful, kid," they cautioned kindly, "that kind o' luck kicks back on a feller sometimes."

The Grand March came on next, planned to make a break in the tension. First came the mounted cowboy band. Then the Indians; slowly, majestically, they rode on to the track, gorgeous in the trappings of generations dead and gone—deerskin shirts and chaps heavily embroidered in beads and elks' teeth, feather head-dresses whose floating streamers fairly swept the ground along with the magnificent blankets that covered the ponies.

Then came the buckaroo contestants of the range, sinewy, poised, ageless, with the look of the plains in their eyes and the suppleness of free men in their bodies. The quiet grew in intensity; it was as if the watchers knew now that this was no mere show they had been seeing, but the actual daily life of America's last great untamed wilderness, the life of open skies and long, purple ranges and strong free men and women.

The wild horse race came after that parade and would wind up the show. Several hundred range horses that had never even in their ancestry known rope or leather had been got to the corrals by some buckaroo magic, and now the gates were thrown wide and they were driven on to the track, while riding furiously after them, swinging long ropes, came twenty or more buckaroos,

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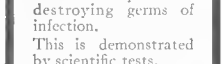
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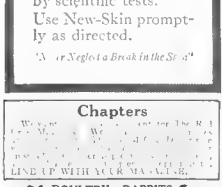

Susanna Cocroft
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the game being to rope, bridle, saddle and ride off around the track and under the rope—first.

Bill seemed slow; round and round he rode, following up a long-legged buckskin, but the buckskin was clever in escaping the descending coil of his rope. Bill kept after him; he got him cornered—roped. With a snort the buckskin gave a furious jerk, but Bill, slackening the rope, stayed with his mount and kept the buckskin, too; his helper now slipped up on the outlaw with blinder and bridle. A dozen or more similar contests were under way all about; now an outlaw crashed through the arena fence and you could hear the splintering boards; now one was blindfolded and thrown for saddling. Bill's helper finally got the blindfold over the buckskin's eyes, when he ceased his furious kicking and snorting, and stood perfectly still, but with rigid legs outspread, indicating that his disposition was unchanged.

It was not so difficult now to get the saddle on. Time was called, the signal given to mount and ride, and the buckaroos leaped from their working mounts and flung themselves into the saddles of the outlaws; the helpers jerked loose the blindfolds—and real "honest-to-Gawd" bucking began, while the Round-up yell, "Let 'er buck," broke from thousands of throats.

And then all at once the waited-for event happened; an outlaw tore off around the track, a long, rangey buckskin—Bill's; and a new yell went up from the grandstand, a deafening yell too elemental for words. Then another tore off, and another, and another

Bill's buckskin was well in the lead. It looked like his race all right; a slim sorrel was close behind, then half a dozen ragged sets of goers more or less bunched. Bill crouched low, pressed his knees and urged his mount on, talking to him in that rhythmic monotone often hypnotic with horses as well as cattle He was going fine and pretty steady, when a woman in the grandstand, leaning over the rail, shot up her purple parasol. Bill saw it and tried to veer the buckskin toward the arena, but the horse had been as quick as his rider; he stopped short, trembled from head to foot, reared, and turned back the other way. The slim sorrel shot out ahead.

It seemed all up with Bill, for his buckskin was tearing wildly back, when another woman, feeling the sun, shot up a rose-colored parasol The buckskin again stopped, shivered and turned about in pursuit of the sorrel. The sorrel now seemed to be having his own troubles with parasols or waving silk handkerchiefs, or something else new to his experience, for he turned back and dashed straight into the face of the oncoming bunch, stampeding them and sending them every which way, crashing through the arena fence, into the grandstand and back to the corrals, while Bill and his buckskin kept on for the rope. The race was now his if no other woman felt impelled to shift her sunshade.

"Make it, ol' buckskin, make it, make it—I chose you ol' yeller hide, I chose you outa the whole bunch—make it—make it—" he was saying, while steadily he pressed close and rode!

The parasols had done their work; the buckskin would run, but he would never run back to where huge flowers of flaming colors opened and closed on a hillside right before his eyes. Lucky Bill shot under the rope a full twenty feet in the lead.

Five days later Bill rode into the Lost Spring Ranch on the handsomest saddle that ever came onto the Northwest ranges. Molly was at the corral to meet him—of course Molly was there, for hadn't she been shading her eyes and looking out across the plains for two days and more? And Dave and "the little tiger" and the old buckaroo boss and the wrangler and all the dogs. When he rode up close and Molly saw he actually had the saddle she made one rush in his direction, then threw her apron over her eyes. Bill was off Tempest in record time.

"Why, Ma, whatcha you cryin' about? Look, I got 'er all right, Ma; an' she's got acorns—like your bridle; I gotta name, too, Ma; I'm 'Lucky Bill'—it's in all the papers—see, I brought 'em for you, an' I gotta purse—$200."

But Molly couldn't see the acorns, or the papers, or the purse, or anything. Bill had brought home a saddle, and Bill had won a name! That was enough for one day.

Later around the cookhouse table they heard all the details. Almost all, that is; though the tormenting "little tiger" did keep up her incessant, "Where'd you get the blue tie, Bill? Where'd you get the blue tie?" till he wanted to take her out and choke her. It was bedtime before he touched on the subject that was really of national importance.

"Ma," he came out with it, "now I gotta saddle, an' the purse—why can't I go right on over to college this year—maybe tomorrow?"

"Do you jes' hafta go this year, Bill?" she came back, yearningly.

"I jes' hafta, Ma," he returned, so earnestly and solemnly—and with so much of the same look in his eyes that Buckskin might have seen when Bill was riding slim in that last race—that, well, Molly hadn't the heart to offer any further objections.

Never Call a Boy "Bad"

(*Continued from Page* 41)

what they think about him and his work.

And Patsy was a "bad" boy and the leader of the gang

Be patient with this instinct of childhood. Say with the wise man, "This, too, shall pass away." Catch it and train it before it goes forever.

The child becomes the person, the idea, the thing he plays at, for the time being If he plays at bad things he

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will be the worse for it. If he plays at good things he becomes good. If he plays fine parts he grows in appreciation of fine things. We must be tactful, patient and appreciative.

We all owe the "bad" boy a chance. He has done so much for the "good" boy. His protest has been a challenge to our way of doing. He has obliged us to stop and examine the condition closely and to adjust things to the everlasting betterment of all the children of the world. He has stood for progress. He has forced progress in our methods of dealing with childhood.

There are really no bad children except the mentally unfit. These need exceptional training, for they are exceptional children and are not to be classed with the others at all.

The next time you are tempted to call a child "bad," stop and think. Ask yourself if the child has been given a square deal. Do you know his teacher? Do you know his school? Remember the teacher needs appreciation, too. Do your share toward building up a school that will consider the rights of children.

Have you had him examined by the doctor and the dentist every six months so you are sure that he is physically fit? Don't take your own word or his for this.

Do you let him bring his friends home without complaining of the mess they make? Has he a dog?

Do you take him out with you to the places he wishes to visit and explain things to him? Do you confess your own ignorance and let him enlighten you?

Do you let him talk? I mean, do you let him tell you about the baseball game he saved, without interrupting him?

Do you respect his personality or do you wave him aside, saying he is too young to understand?

Do you try to live with him in love and appreciation, or do you snap at him and describe him as a nuisance?

If you can answer all these questions to your own satisfaction and his there will never be a "bad" boy in your family and the verse about "Whoso offendeth one of these my little ones," will not have been aimed at you.

If I Were a Large Employer

(*Continued from Page* 47)

years. Such systems tend to make a workman stupidly contented, and destroy the intelligent discontent which is the foundation of happiness and ambition and the real basis of success for any industry. Furthermore, these systems are not fair to the workman. In most cases where there are profit-sharing systems or other devices the wages and profits added together are less than the wages received in other plants where such methods are not in effect, but where collective bargaining prevails.

I should be willing to discuss at any time with a committee of my employees all matters affecting the working conditions of the plant, and everything that affected the lives and happiness of my

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workmen. I should recognize that while I might own the business, while I might have built it up and developed it, it was the business of the men who worked for me as well as my own.

If my employees made demands upon me which I considered excessive, and which I was unable to grant, I should negotiate with them in an effort to find a basis of understanding and agreement. If they refused to reach an agreement with me I should immediately abandon my negotiations with the men themselves and send for the international officers of their unions. These I would be sure to find serious and responsible men, men with whom it is always possible for an employer to reach an understanding. Most of them know as much about the industry in which the members of their unions are employed as do the employers themselves, and they always have a very good idea of what demands the employer can grant in justice to himself and to his business.

But if the negotiations with these international officers failed, and the men went on strike, I should not employ strike-breakers, nor should I try to fill permanently the places of my old employees. I should shut down my plant, because I feel that it would be better to wait for the old men to come back.

I should not attempt in any way to exercise parental control over my workmen. Men resent any interference with their private lives, because they feel that they should not be bothered after their day's work is done at the factory or workshop, but should be free to do as they pleased. Of course, it is a good thing if an employer is able to provide such things as gymnasiums and recreation halls for his workmen; I should try to do that, I think. But I should not try to supervise the men while they were in those places, and I should not have them conducted in such a manner that the workmen were never able to forget that it was I who provided them.

I consider the relationship between the newspaper publishers and the Typographical Union as a good example of the right sort of relationship between labor and capital. Here you have a union which is one of the strongest labor organizations in the country, and whose members draw as high wages, if not higher, than men in any other industry It has organized every branch of the newspaper and publishing business, with the exception of the writing and clerical staffs. I believe there is less friction between the publishers and the Typographical Union than between employer and employee in any other business.

That is because each has learned to respect the other, and each has the goodwill of the other. This respect and good-will has reached such a stage, in fact, that the Typographical Union sometimes fights harder for the interests of the publishers than do the publishers themselves. Certainly in labor conventions the Typographical Union never fails to come to the aid of the publishers if anything is said or done affecting them.

Cleveland Goes On An Adventure

(*Continued from Page* 58)

distant heathen land! So he started in. He preached his first sermon to a scattered hundred and fifty listeners in the big auditorium, looked over his social staff, and called the first meeting of the Sessions which ran the church. And he realized his job had begun.

For the Sessions had their own idea of how this church of theirs should be run. A devoted band of Scotch Presbyterians, this committee too, who had stuck by their ship for twenty-five years and steered the Woodland Avenue Church through all kinds of difficulties due to decreasing membership. Their regular religious worship was part of their lives, almost bone of their bone! They did not want their church turned into a club for the foreigners!

Understand, this is not said in the spirit of criticism. These people had been making the journey across town for years merely for the sake of this family church of theirs, which they would not abandon, even though every other church in the community moved out to Euclid Heights. They believed thoroughly in their services. What is more, they paid out their money as evidence of their good faith And their pastor was a new, young fellow from the East who hadn't a tiny part of all the loving memories of this place that they had. They were just exactly like you and me in all of their ideas, right down to their estimate of the foreigner. They were ready to change, but they would have to be shown!

As a result, the Sessions meetings turned into a debating club. Hayden turned loose on them his European experiences, all the knowledge he had gathered in Baltimore and up and down the United States—all the results of his special study of his subject. They countered with the religion of a lifetime. He went exhaustively into the conditions that surrounded the church in Cleveland, of which Woodland was a part. He showed them how the interests of the great industrial community outside were in the first place economic: they wanted to get on in the world. He pointed out that only an interpretation of religion which took a vital stand in their economic lives with their bread and butter, with all their hopes and advances, could ever grip their souls with any sincerity. And that it was Woodland's duty to supply it. He cited them the figures of over six thousand children in the neighborhood growing up without the slightest idea of American Christian ideals and ethics. He tied the whole thing up with citizenship, with patriotism, with humanity and democracy—and untangled it again right back to individual character.

And he talked it in season and out. He talked it from the pulpit and in the committee meetings and he talked it at home and in other people's homes. And

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at the end of a few months he had convinced the Sessions—and had found the other half of his problem in life. His job in the ministry wasn't going to be simply interpreting America to the foreigner. It was going to be the reverse as well—interpreting the foreigner to America.

Then he began to get acquainted with his community outside the gates. He did it at first through one of his elders, a man after his own heart, and a blacksmith. One of the small streams of the life of that section of Cleveland flowed through Proud's blacksmith shop—and pretty nearly every man who flowed through had a great respect for Proud.

As a result, a small coterie of congenial souls who desired to combine their noonday meal with a sociable quest for knowledge gradually formed from this stream, and took lunch in the blacksmith's cellar. And Hayden was one of them. Bill Hill, the horseshoer, was another. Max Silinsky of the Garment Makers Union was another.

Gradually Hayden got to know them and to like them. And it was mutual. And soon the discussion was on. They say around the shop now that there isn't any subject on earth that hasn't been discussed in that cellar—from the patent difficulty of getting all known species of animals into the Ark, to the use labor can make of the church when the local press is not an open forum.

Gradually, moreover, he was getting to know his community, and to have a grip on what this world beneath Cleveland thought. And meanwhile he was carrying on his church campaign. It was the familiar campaign so far as the social service end of it was concerned, carried out by competent people.

But there was a change in the appeal he presented to the world outside his gates. Big electric lights flamed in front of the old church, illuminating a great signboard, challenging the passerby, informing him of discussions going on within the brick walls—discussions in which he would be interested, whether he was concerned for his soul or his bread and butter.

Then one day Allenby, half-way across the world, captured the city of Jerusalem. And to Hayden, sitting in his midnight study, the thing presented a chance. He would begin on Palestine, its history, economic, social, political! He did. He brushed up on his Hebrew, he went into the business of lecturer and moving picture exhibitor. And the Jews came. They came a few at a time, then in crowds and finally with their children. Here was an American who knew something!

For they found out he did. He knew more about them than they did themselves in some instances. Moreover, he realized the value of Moses, of Joseph, of Abraham. And what was more, very plainly some kind of a change had come over the ertswhile forbidding gates of the Woodland Avenue church! Children from the streets could eat all-day suckers in the big, cool auditorium! A man without a collar didn't feel so like a dog!

And in the papers all over Cleveland appeared advertisements. "A Church on its last legs! Come and see us tot-

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ter!" "What you would call our greatest liability is in reality our greatest asset—we live in a foreign and industrial community!"

And the curious visitor found over a thousand foreigners sitting in an American church, listening intently and cheering a small, brown-faced American in the pulpit when he finished. Hayden was getting into his stride.

Again, another day Hayden read in the papers that a Czech regiment was coming through Cleveland from Siberia, on its way to the western front. And Professor Masaryk was going to welcome it in Cleveland. Hayden thanked his stars for his days in Prague, when he had known the intellectual giant of the Czechs. The Woodland Avenue church would give them a welcome that would make them tingle!

Three weeks later Bohemian Cleveland crammed the church to the doors for a sight of Czecho-Slovak uniforms. Every seat was taken and the overflow stood up. All through the audience men sat with their arms around each other, greeting long-lost relatives, cousins, brothers, sons! And Hayden preached on the new Czecho-Slovakia.

That was the beginning of his appeal to the newly-come Bohemians of Cleveland. And he took advantage of it. He could use all his knowledge of their country, of their folk songs, of their festivals now, and he did. But he added to it. He added the influence of his fair-minded American personality. So the Bohemians began to respond, assisted by the older Czechs already in the church, who had resided in Cleveland for years.

Poles, Jews, Bohemians, negroes—they were all beginning to feel welcome now.

Then industrial Cleveland began to wake up. And curiously enough, it began in one of the garment makers unions, and not in those huge factories along the railroads. Max Silinsky asked him to address his union. And Hayden went. He talked to three hundred men, comprising nineteen different nationalities, representing a thousand foreigners earning their bread and butter in Cleveland, all bound together by the industrial struggle into one vital, living unit, following a little Russian Jew, in whom they believed implicitly. United in their fight for their homes, for their children, for living wages, they had broken all barriers of race and religion and under Zalinsky's leadership were struggling for education.

Back of the broken English, Hayden sensed the living industrial struggle in human form. And he realized his responsibility. The whole background of the Europe he had known was seared into these men, into their lives, into their ideal and conceptions. Here was his problem in the large. It was going to be the Woodland Avenue Church against the profiteer, against the reactionary, against the self-seeker and the grafter, in a fight to show these men the real, democratic America—and tear away from them forever the class ideal which industrial life was intensifying. For the first time he saw the patriotism of industrial class as opposed to that of country and race. And he took up the gauge on the instant. He talked on teamwork.

Then the welfare men in the big industrial plants woke up, and for once business came to the church. Hayden went to the factories and gave talks on Americanism. Then he wrote article. And then he began talking to the unions. His whole idea was going at last!

Almost before he knew it, indeed, he found himself a labor mediator in a clothing strike, and he was sitting in a down-town marble office, trying to dodge the sparks as Eastern Europe spoke for its thousand families and New England quoted the common law of the county of Lancashire, a hundred and fifty years ago! And he realized he had not started an instant too soon. . . .

That scene in the downtown office, indeed, epitomizes this story of Joel Hayden. Bitter experience has taught him that what American Cleveland does not understand is almost as great as what Foreign Cleveland does not believe. It has taught him that although right and wrong may perch first on this banner and then on that, only understanding can ever bring both sides together. And it has taught him, furthermore, that unless they are brought together the America we have known will disappear forever. Before him is the task of making his church bridge the gulf.

Let me say here that he does not shrink from the task. For him; it is all part and parcel of the road he chose back in the days at Oberlin. His experiences have converted him to a Social Gospel.

"I believe," he says, "that we Christians should use our churches everywhere to educate and sustain all those leaders who are working for industrial democracy, for educational freedom and social democracy. The teachings of Jesus put human rights far above any material or property rights. It is the duty of our churches to carry out that teaching fearlessly, judging all questions of industry on the basis of human service—of Christianity."

As a result, he does not conceive of Americanism as a perfect and completed ideal. To him, it is a growth, an ideal simply grounded on faith in the possibilities of the common man, a path leading toward political, educational, industrial and social brotherhood.

"Behind every group movement in America," he says, "whether conservative or radical, I think there is a motive or instinct, or fact which must be incorporated into the meaning and organization of our democracy, or else accounted for intelligently, and not driven underground by force.

"Radicalism is usually born of injustice or isolation or evident class distinction, and is in reality at bottom only a desire for better associations, a chance for a better home, for children, for religion and education. It only becomes menacing in ignorant and isolated foreign group communities which industrial feudalism has stamped as mere labor committees to be bartered on the market —groups to which any right to become part of the great American fraternity has been denied. Fearlessness and unselfish co-operation can set all this right!"

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And in his church programme, he is showing exactly that spirit of fearlessness and unselfish co-operation himself.

As this article goes to press, indeed, the club in the blacksmith shop is preparing to move into one of the church rooms as permanent quarters. One by one the foreign national societies of Cleveland are beginning to understand that the Woodland Avenue pulpit is an open forum for all their protests. And the different industrial groups are beginning to see that here is a place where they can make heard their voices to their adopted country. In a word, they are entering upon the road that leads to change by social and political methods, and away from direct action and the counsel of despair.

They have found an apostle of democracy who preaches a social Gospel. And they have found it a Gospel worth listening to.

I wonder if you and I might not find it profitable, also?

The March of the Red Cross

(*Continued from Page* 60)

have "carried on" since the armistice, finishing what all of us so enthusiastically began. That the world is not threatened with a typhus epidemic today is due mainly to them.

Are we going to back these people, or do we propose to let the Red Cross withdraw from Europe with its task unfinished?

The turning over by the army to the Red Cross of vast quantities of relief supplies in Europe has facilitated that task and yet perhaps postponed the day of our withdrawal. But it is measurably in sight. In Siberia, the demobilization of the army releases day by day the doctors who can take over the Red Cross hospitals and disinfecting stations and other institutions. In Poland, the government is getting on its feet, and distinctly Red Cross effort will be confined hereafter to the territory east of the Bug river, where there is the greatest distress. In towns like Lodz and Lublin the Poles themselves have set up health boards upon Red Cross advice and after our methods, and these are beginning to function. Soon it will be necessary for the Red Cross only to maintain a force of inspectors to travel over the country and report on the needs of the Polish hospitals and welfare institutions and provide those in need with bedding, medical supplies and hospital equipment. Only in Rumania and Siberia is there prospect of longer effort.

But to put through this foreign relief programme and to bring to a close our war activities is going to require money, no matter how small the direct relief extended. Fifteen million dollars, indeed, is the lowest estimate of the cost.

Are we willing to give that?

If we are, we are done with our duty to the past, and ahead of us will lie only our new peace time Red Cross, either as a fading memory of the war or as a vital force in American affairs—whichever we choose to make it.

Wheat Bubbles
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Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded.

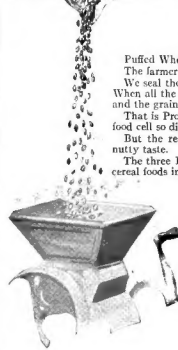
The farmer sends to our hoppers the finest grains he grows.

We seal those grains in guns, then apply an hour of fearful heat. When all the wheat moisture is turned to steam, we shoot the guns and the grains explode.

That is Prof. Anderson's process. The purpose is to blast every food cell so digestion is easy and complete.

But the result is also bubble grains, thin, flaky, toasted, with a nutty taste.

The three Puffed Grains are in this way made the most enticing cereal foods in existence.



Shot From Guns
Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

These airy, flimsy Puffed Grains taste like food confections. But they are grain foods—two are whole grains—fitted for digestion as grains never were before.

Serve with cream and sugar. Float in your bowls of milk. Mix in every fruit dish. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat dry.

There is no other grain food which children love so well.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour
A New Puffed Product

Also Pancakes Now
A Puffed Rice Pancake Flour Mixture

Now there is also a Puffed Rice Pancake Flour mixture, containing Puffed Rice ground. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—such pancakes as you never tasted. Try it. Just add milk or water. The flour is self-raising.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

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The Brunswick Method of Reproduction gained instant and wide-spread public favor because it enriches the tone qualities of all records. For this alone it is adored by artists and approved by the hypercritical. It embodies the true principles of tone reproduction and complies with the established laws of acoustics in projecting tone. Two revolutionary factors, among others essentially different from other phonographs, make this possible. They are the Ultona and the Tone Amplifier.

The Ultona Plays All Records

The Ultona—a product of creative genius—enables one to play all make records on the Brunswick. Not a combination contrivance nor complex mechanism, yet involving a fundamental principle of sound. By a slight turn of the hand it supplies the proper needle, correct weight and precise diaphragm.

The Amplifier Enriches Tones

As the name implies it amplifies tone, making it truer and sweeter. It is a vibrant tone chamber like the sounding board of a fine piano or violin. Constructed entirely of moulded hollywood and free from metal it gives the requisite resiliency for unfolding and projecting true tone.

Ask to Hear The Brunswick

Any Brunswick dealer will be glad to demonstrate the many claims made for it. Choose your favorite record to be tested—the one that will help you judge best. Your verdict like that of unnumbered thousands will be "the one super phonograph."

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